

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 10, No. 23 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., [Ltd.] Proprietors. Office—Adelaide Street West. TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 24, 1897. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$3. } Whole No. 491

## Some of the Fads and Faults of School Teaching.

BY A TEACHER.

The article in last week's *Around Town* in reference to my dismissal from the teaching staff of the Midland Public School because I insisted upon exercising my intelligence and using some of my own ideas in my work, perhaps renders it necessary that I should explain my "ideas." To illustrate: A pupil who can expertly work the simple rules of arithmetic may be prepared to pass the Entrance Examination successfully by becoming familiar with a few—less than a half dozen—type questions. This has been done time and again, and in this manner the *rut* system is adroitly and too generally adopted in teaching other subjects and in preparing for other examinations. The system is suicidal; the pupils are never half educated; there is no solidity; there is a little of this and a little of that; the method conduces to superficiality; the attention is so often diverted there is no mark of connected thought or connected expression, and conversation on any subject is necessarily miscellaneous and "hasty." The object seems to be not to educate, not to expand the mind, not to add to the intellectuality of the people, but rather to cram the brain with a few unimportant superficial facts which may possibly assist one to eke out a livelihood. The system can be productive of nothing brilliant in the way of advancement; neither genius nor gumption—just geotopism, and parrots, and parasites, and pauperism.

Again, from methods of handling classes of late quite in vogue, raising hands, cracking fingers, howling volunteer answers, rising from a seat with nothing to say and awkwardly collapsing with an inimitable giggle, together with sundry other wholly unnecessary physical feats and contortions, the *manner* of the pupil is sacrificed. Pupils subjected to this treatment don't bear inspection. They early learn to exhibit a precocity and repulsive clownishness intolerable to those who admire the juvenile dignity and well-bred reserve characteristic of the offspring of gentleness. In many of our towns and villages the appearance and deportment of pupils in the street falls far short of the mark. They don't look right; they have an impudent, untrained, uncared-for look. Frequently they are over-dressed, which seriously detracts from any real virtue they may possess and renders any trace of commonness in them the more conspicuous. It is urged that "manners" should be taught the pupils; that is, we presume, some theory of etiquette embracing a knowledge of ordinary conventionalities. While there is nothing vicious in the suggestion as meant, a practical effort in this direction might in exceptional cases prove extremely ludicrous.

Manner and conversation are most affected by influence of association. Boys and girls should be encouraged to be manly and womanly and taught to avoid vulgar, menial affectation. Better thoroughly boorish than vulgarly polite—and this is the danger of text-book politeness as advocated by the "goody-good" and "well intentioned." Indeed, in educating a child there is so much to impart that is not found between the covers of a text-book that how best to proceed is an apparent conundrum to ninety-odd per cent. of those at present engaged in the teaching profession. The lecture system in public schools has been carried to a ridiculous extreme. Inexperienced teachers lecturing in questionable English to pupils heavily equipped with note-books, (scribblers, the curse of the age), on grammar and 'ologies of which they acquire but little knowledge save and except such smattering as may by convenience of accident be transmitted from the scribbler to the brain to meet examination necessities. Wonderful ease! Intoxicating idleness! Mysterious march of intellect! These scribblers can never take the place of a carefully compiled and approved text-book; but the use of a text-book means work for the pupil instead of talk-talk-talk about the mysterious nothingness of nothing and heart-rending appeals for help, with loads of home-work which, to be popular with the unsophisticated masses who are most cordially requested to convert the home into a day school, must needs be mighty mysterious. The system is rotten.

Then in some benighted parts of the province we find still in vogue, Uniform Promotion Examinations, at which a pupil who falls short remains another term in comparative idleness and acquires habits of thought that stay with him far on in after years. Promote a pupil any hour of the day, any day of the week, any month of the year, and don't keep him waiting for other people's children. To be properly educated, pupils require regular work. They must have intelligent direction and constant and careful supervision, and they must be encouraged from time to time to *think* for themselves. They must be taught to be in some measure self-reliant and not at all times wholly dependent, for in the very fostering of this spirit of deplorable dependence to which a pseudo-method of instruction may conveniently cater, lies the responsibility for many a life-failure.

It was my belief in a creed—educational—of which these are but articles in part, and a want of policy in indifferently expressing my convictions that led to the unpleasantness in Midland to which you refer in your last issue and for which I alone am content to be responsible. Regretting only that in the reference in ques-

tion the name of the esteemed Inspector of Simcoe, Mr Morgan, should have been confounded with the respected Principal of the Midland Public schools, Mr. McKee, I am, dear sir, most respectfully yours,  
Cobourg, April 17, 1897. M. B. SCARLETT.

## Around Town.

That anything carried to an extreme is likely to cure itself, finds proof in the action of the three greatest cities to which the greatest tide of tourists flock when in search of amusement. The moral reform movement in London, England, was, of course, not attempted to restrain transportation companies or lessen the conveniences offered to citizens and strangers on Sundays, and it is a matter of doubt if they have really done any good in what they have tried to accomplish. But a distinct effort has been made to lessen the flaunting of vicious people in music halls and the opportunities of the depraved to continue their orgies in public houses late at night.

New York has also made a very vigorous effort in the same direction and on the same lines, and with a certain amount of success. Paris, the gayest city in the world, is also trying to purge itself of some of its minor but most flagrant indecencies, but the movement is not looked upon as likely to go further than to prevent the publication of obscene pictures in newspapers which are displayed on the news-stands. What seems to offend the

population on Sunday and lead families to go for an outing together, instead of inducing individuals to congregate without any family ties or chaperones in dangerous crowds, or leaving them alone in still more dangerous solitude. In every country where family life is preserved in its search for amusement, good behavior and temperate conduct are found to be the result. Can it not be assumed on this basis that riding on a street car to a park is safer for the young people who go with their parents, than for those who singly whirl away on a bicycle without any maternal or paternal eye to watch over the pleasure-seekers? As the fact remains that young people will go, either on bicycles or Sunday cars, to find what they want, it would be much better to give parents the choice of selecting the methods and environments of these little Sunday outings which cannot be prevented.

Speaking of parental watchfulness over the young, is there anything so sincere, self-sacrificing and beautiful as the struggle of properly balanced parents in their efforts to educate and bring up their children? It is not only here in Canada, but in every other civilized country, that this sublime trait of character is being continually manifested. Even in those countries which our strictest moral reformers consider wicked, the mother and father are toiling for their offspring; and in garret and farmhouse, in mansion and palace, in the rooms over the shop and the scant apartments over the store, fathers and

way. It is but natural that we should desire to pursue our own ideas of what will be good for ourselves and for those in whom we have a greater interest than any stranger dare even pretend to have.

Toronto is not a parish in which the majority of parents are moral or financial paupers who, by becoming the wards of the municipality, lose all right to freedom of action. We are not so sunk in ignorance or so impelled by vicious impulses that the parents need to yield up their discretion or the young people their youthful desire for amusement at the direction of a few self-appointed censors. In fact, those who see the children swarming out of the public and private schools at noon time or in the evening and notice how well they are dressed and how much sacrifice that means to the parents, who have perhaps spent too much upon raiment and are denying themselves too much that their progeny may have a good schooling, will be apt to decide that these parents do not need any extraordinary laws or coercive measures enacted under the direction of the Lord's Day Association.

One cannot discuss a subject such as this without for a moment glancing at the unfortunate results which sometimes darken the homes of those who have been so hopeful. The boy and girl who fail to fulfil the promise brought into existence by the love of their parents, who have grown by their smiles and tenderness and watered by the tears of those

early liable as a guide to be a very expensive and untruthful person. The Turk as I know him by hearsay and newspaper reports, and his character as portrayed in magazines and books, is devoted to his religion, oblivious of his numerous wives, somewhat careless as to the maternity or upbringing of his children, yet a good soldier and a fierce enemy. Greece has been ruled so that she has not shown any great disposition to pay her debts; her manner of doing public business has been on altogether too large a scale for her size, and much of her admitted position is owing to her historic name and the marvelous record of her people. Turkey has never been found to be a very good creditor, yet occupying as it has done for so many years a strategic point much coveted by Great Britain and Russia, as well as by the other great powers, her borrowing capacity has been far greater than her ability to pay. Her gun-boats may be rotten and her religion may be wrong, but in the game of diplomacy the Turk has outgeneraled Europe and has retained a position scandalously abused and power which has been brutally misapplied.

If the string of semi-Grecian, semi-Turkish countries such as Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania, Bosnia, Montenegro, are embroiled in the war, Turkey has no chance of success. If they stay out of it and Greece does not find assistance in some other quarter, King George is "not in it." However, we are left to guess at these things, and there is only one element that we can properly size up. Greece has an organized sentiment known as the Greek National Society. The kings and princes of Greece have more relatives who are crowned heads than they know what to do with. The people have fire and enthusiasm which, if it will last while fighting four times as many people, will arouse the enthusiasm of the world. The great Powers are playing a game which may be for or against Greece, but all are interested, and it is quite possible that all may have to join in the scrap before it is over. My own opinion is that the war will be brief, and it will be more a matter of settlement than of slaughter, though already the slaughter has been prodigious.

A new element, like the foreign embroilments of Great Britain which prevented her from retaining the thirteen rebellious colonies, is also looming up. The British may have to fight the Boers in South Africa, and they are by no means a people to be despised, for three times already, so we are told, the British troops have had to approach them with flags of truce. This time we may be sure that there will be no white flag carried by any red-coated soldier if Oom Paul has to be disciplined. Science has changed the method of warfare, and quick-firing guns would now sweep the mountains where once the Boers entrenched themselves and potted the Britishers as if they had been game driven into a paddock. A fight with Kruger may possibly mean a fight with Germany; and having this in view, Germany has joined hands with Russia in the Orient, but it matters little or nothing, for out of the war, or wars, the "Old Flag" will come out triumphantly. To use the Jingo song, "we have the men, and we have the money, too," and the British flag was never in such condition nor British diplomacy so exquisitely attuned to the spirit of the moment as now. If Great Britain needs soldiers, the Colonies will provide all those that cannot be had at home. The time has passed when the bugle call sounded only in the boroughs and villages of England; now by cable it sounds the world around. We are dependent upon no national society; we place our faith in something stronger, and that is the national spirit. And it seems to me that the nations of the world are placing themselves in such battalions that Great Britain can move along the line and review the troops, work out her own destiny, and by reasons stronger than powder and arguments more incisive than bullets, convince all the small peoples, no matter how they are organized, that her policy is peace, even in war; Free Trade and a chance for every rival to get a fair share in peace or war. Sad as it is to say, nowadays it is the pocket, not the heart, which controls; and without the Empire of Great Britain and her Colonies the world would almost be without a customer, without an "uncle" to go to for a loan, without anything that savors of the spread of civilization and the freedom of commerce. It would take a complete revolution to change this, and no nation is willing to sacrifice the profits of a generation, the sweet Now-and-Now, in order to re-district the universe for the next century.

We in Canada can rest with great security in our Northern home, for we have no real enemy but the United States, and that is the enmity of a nation, not of individuals. The whole tenor of the ways of Great Britain has brought her nearer to the United States. Great Britain could not shoot a cannon ball into New York without destroying British property, and not a part of the great distributing islands could be closed without closing the market of the United States to a proportionate extent. We will get along all right. We may get some of the profits of a war without feeling much of its dangers; we should refuse to accept these profits without returning some adequate amount, either in money or men. But all the same, we have reason to thank God that we live under a flag that was not planted in the sand and will not be overturned by conflicts with semi-barbarous places outside the range of the guns of Britain.

Speaking of the Greek National Society, which  
Continued on Page Four.



"I KNOW NOT WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS."—Whittier.

Parisian mostly is not the nudity of the figure portrayed, but the exceedingly bad art and worse printing which render its coarseness and offensiveness so obvious.

In a great many other large cities, both in America and on the Continent, moral reform movements are gaining in strength, but it must be remembered that these waves of popular disapproval are not against Sunday cars or proper opportunities of spending Sunday pleasantly out of doors, but are intended to drive people out of the slums and saloons on Sunday into more wholesome and decent surroundings. In no large city in the world where Sunday cars are already running, could any organization be created to oppose their continuance or even to restrict their expansiveness. Toronto is possibly the largest place yet discovered which is willing to paralyze itself municipally to carry out the fads of people who imagine they are aiding the cause of moral reform by keeping people penned up on Sunday and depending for their amusements upon what is apt to degenerate into things not at all conducive to the uplifting of the poorer or any other classes. This city is not at all in line with the great centers of population in such matters. We are opposing that which others fully endorse, and, unwittingly perhaps, increasing the evils against which the others are contending.

It is useless to use the "Continental Sunday" as a bugaboo to frighten reasonable and well informed people. The whole tendency is to restrict improper performances and restrain the sale of liquor in England, on the Continent, in New York, Berlin, Vienna, and all the large and attractive places. Even if in this city we were trending towards a Continental Sunday, we would only be following in the wake of those old and well governed places which have employed every effort to distribute

mothers sit, evening after evening, resting from their work and making the future look hopeful and prosperous by discussing the merits and abilities of the little folks who are so dear to them and have been sent early to bed that they may be equal to the improving tasks of the morrow. Careers are mapped out for this one and that one, and extraordinary promise found in each child by those whose love, and perhaps feebleness, incline them to believe that some day they can rest secure in the care and kindness of those for whom they have done so much. The little sayings and doings of the children are talked over; the honor-card from the school is gazed at with pride; the politeness of the youngster, his rapidity in doing his home work, his alertness, his strength, and his good looks—all these are the heart-tunes heard around the hearths of those who are struggling hardest to prevent that unhappy condition suggested in Job: "His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not." While this is the main impulse of home life, it does not seem necessary for a few people, either in the pulpit or in organizations, to waste their strength in trying to herd the little ones as they see fit, or coerce the old ones in a way which seems to the fathers and mothers of a family tyrannical and unreasonable. Their impulses are far stronger than the somewhat vague and academical theories of those who, without being asked, undertake to guide our souls into future bliss, whether we are willing to accept such guidance or feel disposed to rebel against it and seek our own way. The churches should give us educational opportunities of learning what is right, which, when added to our own beliefs and the ideas we can gain from the Scriptures themselves and the writings of those who are probably well informed and thoroughly conscientious, will afford us safer guidance and bring better results than the forbidding of this and that in an arbitrary

who have watched over them, seem to be so far outside the tide of affection that in many cases they get no sympathy, while in still a greater number of cases they receive too much liberty and are too easily forgiven. Looking at it in the abstract, as the adult writer or reader must look at it, it seems incredible that some children, after the most tender and assiduous care, turn out to be ingrates and miserable nobodies whose hearts never soften at the sight or thought of the misery they are causing. Every one of us knows scores of distressing cases, and yet the fact that in Toronto, without Sunday cars, not one of these instances has been brought about by anything the law could prevent, is important. Some of them seem to have been brought about by causes which even their parents could not have prevented, and in other cases the doctrine of total depravity seems to be almost proven. However, all these matters are affairs of the home and heart. The miseries brought about by ungrateful and unmanageable and vicious children are very largely matters of the home, though they sometimes develop to such an extent that the authorities have to remove the offenders from contact with the community and use stringent means in trying to find a remedy. The matter of Sunday cars, however, is a municipal question affecting the prosperity of the city, the free will of the citizen and the convenience of the stranger. Their establishment does not threaten law and order, or any good thing the public enjoys, while their refusal means the turning back of the clock for Toronto as a city, and a further destruction of our prospects, both collectively and individually, in all material things. All this being true, why is the Lord's Day Alliance so busy in trying to do what it should not do and cannot do?

The Greek as I know him—and I admit my acquaintance with him is slight—is a dark, insinuating and polyglot person, who is pecu-



## At the Capital.

SOME AFTER CHAT ABOUT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

ENT is over, a great deal of gaiety is expected, and it is thought that dances will take the place of the large At Homes which have helped us to keep the holy season in a proper spirit, as anything more penitential than two hundred people crushed into a space that would accommodate about fifty comfortably is hard to imagine.

The Drawing-Room was a most pronounced success, a larger number of people being present than ever before. The scene in the Senate Chamber was a most brilliant one as one entered from the door opposite the throne. The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen stood on the dais, the former in his Windsor uniform and the latter in a court costume of black poplin, the bodice and petticoat front relieved with touches of scarlet and embroidered tulle. Her Excellency wore a magnificent diamond tiara, feathers and veil, and necklace of diamonds and amethysts. Her Excellency was attended by Lady Gzowski, Hon. Mrs. Marjoribanks, Mrs. Strath of Montreal and the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Toronto, all of whom stood at Lady Aberdeen's left, but not on the dais. The Governor-General's staff stood to his left, also Cabinet Ministers, etc., etc., most of them in Windsor uniform.

The wait in the corridors was long and tiresome, but the struggle not any greater than at Her Majesty's drawing-room, Buckingham Palace. The wives of all Cabinet Ministers, ex-Cabinet Ministers and other officials have of course the private entrance, separate dressing-rooms, and are presented first. Then come members of Parliament and their wives and daughters and then the general public. On entering this chamber you have to pass through a line of officers of the local corps here, who give their friends an encouraging word as they go by, and are often most useful in pulling out a train or arranging a veil. For nearly all the women wore feathers and veils, and very becoming they were, though hard to keep straight in the crowd. One lady's fell off just as she was curtseying to the Governor, but as Lady Kipling says, "That is another story." Until quite lately there were always two or three women at every Drawing-Room in short walking-dresses, the inevitable white maitreese lace at neck and wrist, a single artificial rose in the hair, and large bunches of the real article pinned stiffly on the corsage. This is never seen now, but of course some of the costumes were exceedingly comical. Two cards are taken by every one who is presented, one given at the door and the other handed to the A.D.C., who hands it to another A.D.C., who announces you to Their Excellencies. The ordeal of making two very low curtsies gracefully, rising without falling, getting out without turning your back on Her Majesty's representative, is nothing compared to the criticism you know you are undergoing from your friends who have been previously presented and whom you pass as you advance to the throne. Such remarks as, "No, it's not a new gown, only done over," "I think she has had it dyed, but am not sure," "She ought to try to look more cheerful," are often heard. The curtsies varied; some were really most graceful, others began well and ended badly. Some ladies got frightened and hurried past Their Excellencies with a sort of nod over the shoulder as if to say "I will see you later." The men on the whole did better, but then they had not so much to do. They never have.

The Hon. Mrs. Marjoribanks, the pretty American girl who married a brother of Lady Aberdeen, looked very well in a brocade gown trimmed with crimson velvet, veil, feathers and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Schomberger of Cincinnati, who was Miss Ella Beatty of Cobourg, was one of the best dressed women at the Drawing-Room and wore some lovely diamonds. Muriel, a daughter of Mr. Walter Cassels, Toronto, was one of the most admired of the debutantes. The greater proportion of the ladies presented were not residents at the Capital, but strangers visiting here. There were over two hundred ladies at the Russell House that week. On leaving the Senate Chamber the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, with the ladies and officers of their suites, went first to the reception of Madame Pelletier, wife of the Speaker of the Senate, and then to that of Mrs. Edgar, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Both these receptions were largely attended, and the corridors, library, reading-rooms, etc., were crowded until a late hour.

Mrs. Edgar gave a very large At Home the following Saturday evening, nearly eight hundred people being present. The whole building, library, reading-rooms and corridors were open and brilliantly lighted, and the young people had every opportunity of indulging in flirtations in secluded nooks, and enjoyed it thoroughly after the usual staircase, where unfortunate men have to rise a dozen times in five minutes. Refreshments were served during the evening, and at eleven o'clock a most *recherche* supper, the whole affair being the most successful of its kind ever given in Ottawa. Madame Laverne of Arthabaska-ville has arrived in town with her charming daughter. This brilliant woman is called by many the Canadian Lady Chesterfield. Ottawa people, with whom she is most popular, hope that Mr. and Mrs. Laverne may before long reside here permanently.

Ottawa, April 19.

### The Wrong Reason.

Materfamilias had baked a meat-pie for dinner and placed it on the kitchen table to cool slightly. Three-year-old in search of a hammer to crack a nut tried to pull out the said table. Result—table tipped; pie right side down on floor; child in tears; mother in vexation of spirit which she endeavored to conceal.

"Never mind, dear, we will try and pick up the pieces. You didn't mean to, so don't cry any more."

"I'm crying," sobbed the child, "'cause I want the hammer to crack my nut."

### How Doctor Jack Rivers Got Back to Toronto.

DOCTOR JACK RIVERS (I'll call him Rivers, although that is not his real name) graduated at Toronto, but being of a roving disposition left Canada and went away west in the hope that there he might the more readily make a fortune. But the fickle dame jilted him. In his wanderings he had picked up a companion equally as hard up as himself. They both tired of the scanty accommodation afforded by freight trains and the excessive impoliteness of the officials attached thereto.

So one day while in New Hampton, Iowa, Doctor Jack decided some way or other to get back to Toronto, and he hit upon a splendid idea to enable him to do so.

A few days later the following advertisement appeared in one of the newspapers of Waterloo, a town not far from Doctor Jack's headquarters:

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

DR. I. ADAM, M.D., F.R.C.S.,  
Of the Principal London (Eng.) Hospitals.  
This eminent English physician, who is traveling for pleasure in the United States, will arrive in Waterloo on Saturday next, and on the following Monday will give

FREE CONSULTATIONS for the special benefit of the suffering humanity of the neighborhood.  
Doctor Adam may be consulted between the hours of 10 and 4 at the Railway Hotel.

A day or two before the time announced for the arrival of the eminent physician, a stranger was seen on the streets of the city, and instantly became the object of general curiosity. His head was all drawn on one side and his left arm appeared to be paralyzed. He strolled into the Railway Hotel and soon found occasion to explain to the numerous guests there that he had been a sufferer for many years—that he had spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and attended several hospitals, but all to no purpose. His case was regarded as utterly hopeless.

"Why, see here," said one of the hotel guests, "there's some celebrated English fellow coming here on Monday. Why don't you see what he can do for you?"

"I'm pretty well tired of doctors," replied the Stiff-Necked Stranger, "but if he can fix me up he may reckon himself a richer man by one thousand dollars."

And it got wind in the city that the Stiff-Necked Stranger intended to stay over to consult the celebrated English physician.

In due time Dr. Adam arrived. He no sooner made his appearance in the office of the hotel than the Stiff-Necked Stranger sought his aid. The doctor looked at him with the air of a man who understood his business.

"A bad case—a very bad case," he muttered. "You've got what the faculty in England call a Sir George Hampton Twist. A noted member of the English aristocracy suffered with precisely the same thing for several years, and it fell to my honor whilst practicing at St. Thomas' Hospital to effect a cure in a remarkably short space of time. What I did for my friend Sir George Hampton, I can do for you."

The Stiff-Necked Stranger was delighted. The little crowd of listeners looked at each other in amazement; and very soon it was known in the streets that the English doctor had arrived and was operating on the Stiff-Necked Stranger.

For two hours Dr. Adam was alone with his patient, and that a surgical operation was being performed was evident to the residents in the hotel by the strong odor of carbolic acid which pervaded the premises.

When eventually the great doctor entered the smoke-room, he was able to report that the operation had been a most satisfactory one, and that all the patient required was a few hours' quiet.

And the doctor was right, for on the following Monday morning the Stiff-Necked Stranger was again seen on the streets, but this time he carried his head erect and his left arm swung naturally by his side.

The news spread like lightning, and the evening papers came out with a more or less truthful and detailed account of the wonderful operation.

The "suffering humanity" of the neighborhood flocked to consult the eminent physician, and although he refused to accept the guinea consultation fee to which as an English doctor he was entitled, he consented to take, with a view of handing the same to some deserving charitable institution, a small "prescription fee" of fifty cents from each patient.

And at this he was kept busy for a week. At the end of that time he took his departure.

But the Stiff-Necked Stranger had left three days previously. He had gone on in advance to another town.

And that's the way Dr. Jack Rivers got back to Toronto.

Toronto, April, '97. E. S. JACKSON.

### Teach Your Canary How to Sing.

West's Mocking Bird, the Latest Novelty Out—Sent Free to any address in Canada.

Perfectly imitates a canary song and teaches ordinary birds to sing that lovely full note so delightful, as found in the German and Belgian birds. It affords amusement to children and pleasure to all. Any singing or whistling bird can be perfectly imitated and young birds taught by it. It will be sent together with a sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment and Pills by enclosing five cents in stamps and mentioning this paper. Address Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

### Right Up to Date and Free.

Thousands of copies of the new '97 catalogue of the Harold A. Wilson Company, Toronto's great emporium for athletic supplies, are going through the postoffice to-day to applicants all over Canada. The publication is filled with illustrations of everything designed for all the sports and pastimes of the season, with specifications of the different styles and qualities in which everything is made, so that patrons are enabled to select and order from the catalogue as satisfactorily as if the purchase was made in person at the store, and special prices, challenging the competition of all others, are given with each article. Its value as a reference book, to be kept in the library or on the office desk, will be appreciated at a glance. Among the noteworthy features is the great variety of new articles shown among the illustrations in the pages devoted to bicycle sundries, and special interest is awakened in the latest equipments and improvements for athletics which have been invented since last season. Copies will be mailed free to any address and can be had on application at the Harold A. Wilson store, 35 King street west, Toronto.

### A Cripple for Life.

So Doctors Said Concerning Richard B. Collins.

He Spent Months in the Toronto Hospital Without Any Benefit—Pink Pills Cure Him After All Other Treatment Failed From the Echo, Warton, Ont.

The Echo presents to its readers the following plain statement of fact, with the simple comment that a medicine that can perform so remarkable a cure is simply invaluable, and it is no wonder that the aggregate of its sales throughout the country is enormous.

I, Richard B. Collins, hereby make the following statement, which can be confirmed by any number of witnesses in this section of the country. I first began to complain about five years ago. I had then been working in a fish shanty, and was wet almost the whole time, summer and winter. I was then confined to the house for three months. This was my first attack and on getting better I commenced work again the first of the following February and continued at it until the next January when I took a much worse attack. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism and after treating me for that disease until about the first of

May, they discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised me to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks and then returned home. I, however, did not recover, and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital, where I remained three months, getting worse all the time. I was told I could not be cured and when I left was only able to walk by the aid of crutches. I then came home and was not there long before I was taken to my bed. I continued in this state until January following, when I was advised by several friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took their advice and before I had finished the fifth box I began to improve, and by the time I had completed a dozen boxes I was able to walk without crutches, and have never used them since. I was able to do light work in a short time, and in January last (1897) I commenced working in the woods and have no trouble from my hip unless over-exerted. During the last three years I have spent \$300 in doctors' bills and medicines, trying everything recommended, but without any good results until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which I owe my restored condition, as the doctors gave up all hopes of ever seeing me out of bed alive and well. I may say that before I began taking Pink Pills during my last attack, I put in many a night so bad that I never expected to be alive in the morning.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthful glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 30c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

### Why Not Recuperate This Spring?



**Pennoyer's Sanitarium**

An ideal, modern home where no expense has been spared in providing every appliance and comfort necessary to make sick people well. Rural surroundings. City advantages. Most healthful locality in America. Distinctive cuisine. Pure water; perfect sanitary conditions. Delightful summer climate. For Illustrated Booklet Address

W. N. Pennoyer, M. D., manager, Kenosha, Wis.

### OUR LEADER... REGAL SHOES

Where the shoe pinches there's a wrong that needs rectifying, a wrinkle of annoyance that makes a corn or a sore foot. The

**REGAL SHOE** never pinches because it fits. Five hundred styles to choose from. The Regal wears and is just full of good looks and comfort. Every shoe hand-made.



## For Spring Weddings

We supply the most desirable stationery for wedding purposes.

PAPER—Latest Shapes, Finest Qualities.  
ENGRAVING—As good as in London and New York.  
PRINTING—Carefully and Perfectly Executed.  
PRICES—Lower than imported work and as low as any local production.

Visiting Cards from  
Copperplate \$1 per 100

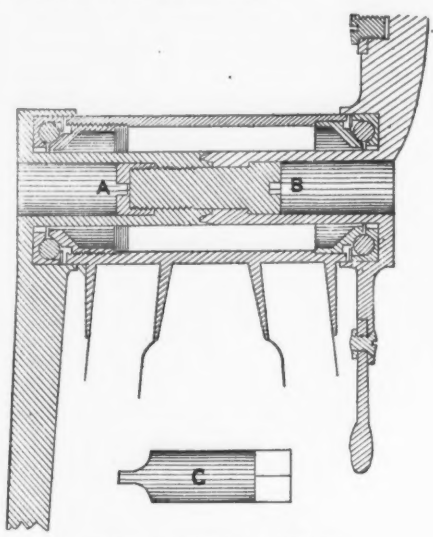
WM. TYRRELL & CO.

12 King St. West, Toronto

## VIKING BICYCLES

HIGHEST GRADE. BEST MATERIAL

The main feature of this wheel is its bottom bracket bearing. The cotter pins are done away with, as the crank, shell for the ball case and half of the hollow axle are forged in one piece. The ball cup is set deep in the shell and a retainer keeps the balls in place when the mechanism is separated. The shell forged with the crank fits closely over the hanger, insuring a dust-proof bearing. The left-hand cone screws into the hanger, is the adjusting cone and is locked in place by a small screw which pierces its circumference at one of a series of equidistant holes drilled therein. The right-hand cone is stationary. With the right crank are also forged flanges for the sprocket connections. The hollow axle, of which each crank is an integral part, dovetails together in the center of the hanger in such a way that a connection cannot be made except the cranks are exactly opposite. The right half of the axle is counter-bored about half its distance, to receive the head of a connecting bolt. The bolt fits smoothly, and as the body is smaller than the head it stops at the end of the counter-bore in the axle, giving a hold thereon. The end is threaded to engage the half axle from the other side, and the operation of the bolt draws the two parts together. The bolt is operated with a socket wrench which is inserted in the axle. A cut of the bearing is here given.



CRANK HANGER ON THE '97

NORSEMAN at = \$60

BELMONT at = 50

The Best Value to be had in Moderate Priced Wheels Fully Guaranteed and Up to Date

BERTRAM & CO.

HARDWARE AND BICYCLES

53 Yonge Street

## Have You a Home?

M. STAUNTON & CO'Y

If you have and want to decorate it this spring, our retiring-from-the-retail sale will lighten the cost wonderfully for you. We are clearing out our entire stock of fine new patterns—not an ancient lot of papers that would be dear at any cost, but the latest patterns—all qualities—and prices cut down anywhere between 10 and 60 per cent. We're quitting the retailing because manufacturing and wholesale branches demand all our attention.

M. STAUNTON & CO., 950 Yonge Street

Wholesale and Manufacturing Branches continued as usual.



The Gendron

Ladies, No. 24

## THE SILVER BEAUTY

Silver finished frame with rims and guards to match, Christy, Brooks or Garford Saddles.

### STAND ABOVE COMPARISON WITH ANY OTHER WHEELS

It is distinctly unique in its style of construction. It embodies several features which cannot be found in any other bicycles.

The Gendron patent silver finish is guaranteed to outwear several coats of the best enamel. It will not rust or scratch.

It has the easiest running 3-point bearings, which were so plainly proven to be superior to the 4-point bearing in a coasting contest in which the GENDRON outclassed over 300 bicycles, among which the 4-point bearing bicycles were conspicuous at the rear end of the procession.

Before buying your '97 mounts we invite you to examine the Gendron Silver Beauties. Samples can be seen at

1384 1-2 QUEEN STREET WEST

320 QUEEN STREET EAST

472 QUEEN STREET EAST

242 YONGE STREET

or at Head Office and Factory—

COR. DUCHESS and ONTARIO STREETS

GENDRON MFG. CO., Ltd.

TORONTO, Ont.



# THE BARNUMS OF BUSINESS.

*A Preliminary Convention to be Held in Toronto on April 29 to Organize in the Interests of Honest Trade—The Unhealthy and Unnatural Condition of Trade in Which Honesty is a Handicap and Bankruptcy Brings Good Fortune, and Fire and Smoke Increase the Salableness of Merchandise.*

THE convention to be held in Toronto on Thursday next, April 29, is for the purpose of organizing the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada (Incorporated) so that it may in the most effectual manner assail the unfair privileges and expose the humbugging practices of the departmental stores. It is not to be a mass meeting. It is not to be a great convention of all those interested in the movement. It is a meeting called for the purpose of arranging a plan of campaign, and it is not necessary to point out the vital importance of such a gathering, and the obligation which rests upon retail merchants in outside towns to send one or two representatives. The Horse Show will be in progress and single fare rates will prevail on the railroads. In towns where no arrangements have been made for sending delegates, it is to be hoped that some energetic merchant will realize the strategic importance of the moment, and either call a meeting and have one or two delegates appointed, or take the train and come to the convention himself. He will be made welcome. The Association has five hundred members in Toronto; let the outside towns swell this number and the ball will be set rolling. It will gather momentum and be irresistible. But if people stand back and send only their good wishes, those who are putting up this fight will lack encouragement. Contribute your presence on April 29. I am told that, at time of writing, ninety-two towns have promised to send delegates. Don't let that content you. See that your town is represented.

The London News pretends to believe that Premier Hardy is with it on the departmental store question, and that the Legislature also is "with it" and cast the question out when raised in the Legislature. The London News is welcome to the bubble with which it amuses itself. Those who know anything about the sentiment of the Legislature on the question know that three out of every four men in the House are already prepared to promote legislation at the next session, and that the question was esteemed of such importance that the leaders of the three parties in the House united in requesting that it be held over until next session so that adequate information could be had on which legislation could be based. Nobody expected the Legislature to do anything this session, within a week of its close—unless perhaps to create a commission to take sworn evidence during the recess, and this Premier Hardy almost volunteered to do. If the Ontario Government has anything to do with weights and measures, purity of foods, and any of those other things which make trade honest or dishonest, then action by the Legislature is inevitable. The props that enable departmental stores to tower over others are tricks that demand investigation. The more I study the question the more amazed I become at the daring of those tricks, which could only have grown so gross and all-pervading because little and casual tricks had failed to meet with exposure, and because the tricksters had grown confident of the continued "friendliness" of the newspapers.

One hundred newspapers have now joined the crusade, and we shall see if one hundred newspapers, armed with Truth, cannot wage a successful war against those practices which make departmental stores destructive.

There was at one time a condition of trade in which honesty was the best policy. A man, in beginning a mercantile career, said: "I shall build up a reputation for fair dealing. My goods shall be what is claimed for them. My word shall be as good as my bond. I am an expert in my line and I shall personally buy every dollar's worth that enters my store—I shall sample and test everything I purchase. Not a snide article shall enter here, and once I catch a manufacturer attempting to substitute inferior stuff I shall cease to deal with him. Mine shall be the best store in town. I shall hire expert salesmen—men who know the values and qualities of different grades of goods. Buying keenly, taking advantage of all discounts, I can sell as cheaply as any other store, and my claim on the public will be that my word is as good as my bond and anything bought from me has a guaranteed value."

And so he would begin his career. In buying goods he watched the market with a keen eye. After buying goods he inspected them personally, and if inferior to sample threw them back upon the hands of the maker and closed his account with that man. His high principles purified trade. If he ever sold shoddy cloth he called it shoddy cloth, and did not advertise that he was selling "the high-class goods of a bankrupt merchant tailor." He played fair. He prospered, and when he died his son took up the business and ran it on the same principles as the father. It was an honorable house where in a blind man could get as good value for a thousand dollars as could a man with ten eyes. But now! Of what value to a house is a reputation for fair dealing built up by fifty years of resisted temptations and unblemished honesty? It is practically valueless, and why? What have we got in return for that honesty which is passing out of the mercantile trade? We have something like a Punch and Judy show behind every counter to amuse the buying public so that they will not notice that the nutmeg they get for half price is made of wood, and so that they will not bite their change to see if it is good money. In return for that security which the purchasing public once enjoyed, in return for that lost honesty in trade, the public enjoys when shopping the music of steam-organs, and the pleasure of walking under "thousand dollar arches of flowers"—organs, and arches, and other vulgar ostentations that cost a heap of money and must be paid for out of the profits of "bargains." To do this such a store opens a new trunkful of tricks every day—and the tricks of any one day

would, if exposed, have forever disgraced the storekeeper of fifteen years ago.

Am I wrong? Am I heated in argument and saying extravagant things? Then pay no attention to me but experiment for yourself if you still deal with those who are ruining real estate and reducing labor (although labor doesn't quite know as yet what ails it) to porridge and rice as food and brown duck as clothes. Wait for a bargain day in tape measures and a bargain day in scales. Test your general dealer as you used to test your grocer, your butcher and your baker. That is but fair, and you can accuse me of no unfairness in advising it. If you find that you get full weight or full measure, or if on submitting other lines of goods to those competent to judge, you find that you get full value in quality, send me word, for, believe me, very few are sending in such testimony. Surely there can be no unfairness in making this request. Let anyone, therefore, who really buys a genuine article from one of the Barnums of Business for a cent less than the same genuine article would cost in another store, kindly send us particulars of the case.

Do those people who are not engaged in the mercantile line ever pause to consider the conditions under which trade is now done in Toronto? Those connected with mercantile trade pause long and seriously to consider the situation, but do outsiders never see cause for alarm in the condition of things, aside altogether from considerations as to whether the departmental stores can be legislated against and wiped out? What is the condition? Is it not practically true that the manager of a first-class down town store can never tell on Monday morning whether he is going to do ten thousand dollars' worth of business during the week or one hundred dollars' worth? The volume of trade is no longer regulated by the necessities of the people. Purchasers are not only lured to certain places which are not their "natural markets," but they hold themselves in readiness to rush out shopping any morning to buy things that seem to be offered for sale cheap. The housewife used to decide that she needed certain things and that she could afford to buy them, and then she would set out to purchase them. Now she never knows what she needs (or at least what she will buy) until she has read the bargain day advertisements. The result is that there must be tons of sham finery in the homes of this city where square meals are not absolutely sure. It is an old saw: *He who buys what he does not need, will soon need what he cannot buy.* It is as true of women as of men.

But trade is no longer regulated by the necessities of the people. People no longer shop for necessities, but for the things that happen to be offered at apparent or pretended reductions in price. The honest storekeeper who adheres to legitimate methods is kept in hot water. The departmental stores keep pounding away on their tom-toms to attract the multitude, and the legitimate dealer knows that any day the vacant store next door may be occupied by a man who will put out a great sign, "Bankrupt Stock," and draw big crowds, although charging from 15 to 30 per cent. above regular prices for job lot stuff that no legitimate dealer would have handled at any price a few years ago. I do not think that I am astray in saying that a stock of goods damaged by water and smoke can, in this city of Toronto to-day, be sold over the counter for fifteen per cent. higher prices than the same goods can be sold for if they are not damaged by fire and smoke. What I mean by this is, that the moment there is a fire in a store people decide that there will be bargains, and so they rush in and scramble for the privilege of paying more for damaged goods than they would have paid for the same goods before they were damaged. Women are not alone in this. Men go in and buy winter underclothes in April—cheap, coarse, and so large that a suit of it would hold two such men. The bargain is used as a mop before the next winter. I am told that "bargains in underclothes" make really good mops.

To do business and hold one's own against the departmental stores which play tricks every day, others have to play tricks, too. You must screech in your advertisements in the newspapers; you must hesitate at no statement in your advertisement, however absurd or false it may be, for there is no one to call you to task. The people like it; the people won't deal with you unless you screech and offer some bargain—an Easter lily for ten cents is good bait, and then when the people come give them a bulb, or an onion, or something. Don't fear that they will kick at this. They don't object to being tricked. They will stay and they will buy stuff, and they have forgotten what they used to know about the value of wares. Don't be afraid to hoist the prices up. Only pull the crowd to your shop and you can charge anything you like for goods. Get a lot of monkeys, or a cage of lions, or buy up that Chamber of Horrors that used to be at the Museum, and set it up in the rear of your shop, and you will attract enough of people and sell them enough stuff to enable you to pay for the splurge in a week. The people have gone mad—humor them. Sell them glass beads for pearls, and glass crumbs for diamonds. The police and the courts will not interfere.

Barnum on one occasion found such an enormous crowd at his circus that he had to do something to relieve the strain. The special attraction was a white elephant, "a sacred white elephant, the only one that had ever been brought from the East." The story goes that the elephant had been made "white and sacred" with a pot of ordinary paint; but I only mention that in passing. Barnum always paid particular attention to the outside public—those who had not yet paid admission—and

on this occasion he looked lovingly on the crowds that couldn't get in. Over one of the inner archways hung the sign: "This way for the Elephant," and great crowds surged thither. Barnum called a man with a paint-pot, and soon over another archway there stretched a sign: "This way for the Egress." The crowd wavered, then began to split. The Egress was something new. People crowded through the arch to see the Egress and found themselves in the open air, while the greedy crowds behind made return impossible, and so the outer crowd paid admission and got in. Rather than turn away those who wanted to pay to get in, he turned out those who had paid. He was after cash, just as the departmental store is after cash, but for one trick played by Barnum, the departmental store plays ten tricks.

Here is a tip for the bargain-hunting public, copied from *Brains*, a paper devoted to the business of explaining how to write advertisements that will "fetch" the public. All the experts on advertising are saying the same thing—practically saying that people have gone crazy and that a merchant can sell anything at any price so long as he pretends that it is a bargain. Here is the tip from *Brains*:

Perhaps the two most powerful words that were ever printed in an ad are "reduced from." Listen to women when they read ads or talk about bargains, and note how lovingly, but emphatically, they dwell upon those two little words. Many people may have a suspicion that there was no real reduction, or that the prices were first marked up in order to be marked down, but that doesn't make any difference. They can't get away from those two words. They go to the store with "reduced from" ringing in their ears, and many buy on account of the reduction—not because they really need anything of the kind.

The Warton Board of Trade has passed a resolution and forwarded it to the Postmaster-General, endorsing the petition which SATURDAY NIGHT put in circulation regarding changes in the postal laws.

Orangeville held a public meeting last week, Mayor Stevens presiding, and an association was formed to resist the schemes of the Barnums of Business. MACK.

## All Around the World.

SATURDAY NIGHT is constantly receiving letters which show that the paper every week reaches almost every country in the world. Not only have we yearly subscribers in nearly every civilized country, but Canadians at home every week send copies of this paper to friends in the most astonishingly out-of-the-way places, as we are told by travelers, who, go where they will, find the paper traveling with them. The evidence bears out the statement made by a postal official who some time ago informed us that he believed that no paper in Canada was so extensively mailed to friends at a distance by the regular readers of it as SATURDAY NIGHT.

It has never been our practice to publish such letters nor to re-publish the laudatory references to SATURDAY NIGHT made by newspapers, but as within the past few days four letters have reached us from such widely separated points, we hope to be pardoned for a brief reference to the foreign circulation of this paper.

A lady wrote from the City of Mexico, saying that after her family had read SATURDAY NIGHT each week, it passed in turn through nine other families, and that one gentleman, having read a few copies of it, had offered her 25c. each week for it.

Another lady writes that she sees it every week at her hotel in the Swiss Mountains.

A Canadian, who has lived for some years in Costa Rica, in renewing his subscription, says the paper is very popular with his friends.

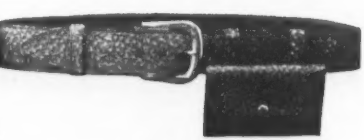
The fourth letter is from a gentleman in South Africa, who writes to say that his little sister in Toronto sent him SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. This letter is from Mr. Jos. L. Powell, formerly of Guelph, and his letter is dated from Fort Umehabaz, Matabeland, S. A. He says: "The premium picture, which is to all a reminder of Canadian pluck, now decorates the wall of my mud hut, which is situated amongst the Matappo Mountains, about thirty miles east of Bulawayo. Thanking you for producing and my dear sister for sending such a handsome and interesting volume and supplement, I remain,

Respectfully Yours,  
JOS. L. POWELL.

"Has Dr. Nansen any social standing?" "Dear me, yes. He moves in the highest circles."—*New York Sun.*

He—You girls seem to be awfully fond of sweets. She—And you men seem to be awfully fond of sour. —*Cornell Widow.*

## Ladies' Leather Belts



### Belts and Buckles

are growing in richness as the season advances. Our assortment of Belts is the largest and most complete shown this season.

## The JULIAN SALE

### Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

105 King Street West, Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE LEATHER GOODS

## Valuable Charts.

ONE of the most interesting productions yet issued to mark the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign is the Genealogical Chart prepared by Mr. J. K. Bathurst and published by the Comparative Synoptical Chart Co. (Ltd.), which has offices in London, Eng., Buffalo, N.Y., and Toronto, Ont. This chart gives the genealogy of the sovereigns of Great Britain, and shows the descent of Her Majesty from the very earliest times—to the Saxon House of Wessex, and to Fergus Macneac of the Celtic House of Dalriada (Argyle). Cedric and Fergus were contemporaries, about 480 A.D. On this chart one can at a glance get a better idea of the kings and queens, dates, and the various royal houses of England, than by a serious course of study and research.

Several other charts are also published by the same company and should be on the walls of every school in Canada. There is a chart of Canadian history, beginning with the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492, showing at a glance that Henry VII. was then King of England and Charles VIII. King of France, and there on the map is laid out the comparative development of the various provinces—the periods of French rule being in pale blue, and English rule in pale pink. Since Confederation the various Governors-General and Premiers, with their periods of office, are shown. This wall chart is a veritable encyclopedia of information on Canadian history, and its value in placing facts and dates in comparative relation cannot be too highly praised.

The company has altogether issued up to the present these charts, all of which we have examined and consider of high value for reference and for use in schools and colleges: United States History (Wall Chart); Canadian History (Wall Chart); English History (Wall Chart); United States History (Student's Chart); Canadian History (Student's Chart); English History (Student's Chart); Genealogical Tree of the Sovereigns of Great Britain from 494 to 1897; New Testament History and Life of Jesus Christ; Reference Chart, Canadian; American Civil War; American Revolutionary War.

## A Bicycle Improvement.

The one piece axle and cranks put on ladies' and gentlemen's Perfect and Garden City bicycles by the Welland Vale Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of St. Catharines, have aroused considerable interest among experts in bicycle making and those who ride wheels. This improvement has undergone the examination of nearly every superintendent of bicycle making in Toronto, and their favorable comments are strong evidence of its superiority over the old style of crank. The company's confidence in these cranks is shown by the fact that they guarantee them without condition against breakage. The Welland Vale Company has always been known for the generous way in which it has lived up to its guarantees. The Toronto showrooms are at 77 Yonge street.

## The Naming of Places.

Lord Kimberley was once Colonial Secretary, and at a public meeting last week he recalled an amusing incident of those former days, says the *Canadian Gazette*. "I was," he said, "once present at a dinner given to a colonial statesman. He proposed my health and said that I always showed my interest in colonial matters, and that I had especially shown it by having taken my title from a well known town in South Africa, the town of Kimberley. I am ashamed to say that I whispered to him that the town took its name from me, and he in consequence sat down somewhat prematurely."

"It would be a big undertaking," comments the *Gazette*, "to compile a list of the Canadian towns and districts named after British statesmen. Many Governors have, of course, left their names behind them. There is, for example, a Dufferin in Manitoba, and Ontario



## Separate Dress Skirts

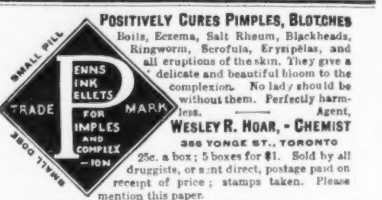
Made in best style from latest models.

Fine Black Canvasette..... \$4.50  
Black Grenadine, over green or crimson foundation..... 5.00  
Figured Alpaccas..... \$7 to \$10 each  
Black and Navy Serges..... \$6 to 9.00  
Fancy Tweeds..... \$5 to 10.00  
Black Mohair Crepons..... \$7.25 to 13.50  
Black Canvas Canniche..... 11.50  
Black Moire Poplin..... 11.50  
Black Silk Brocades..... 11.00  
Silk Moire Antique, silk lined..... 30.00  
Satin Duchesse, plaid silk lined..... 30.00

ORDERS for skirts not personally given should contain mention of waist and hip measures and length.

## John Catto & Son

King Street, Toronto



## Jeffrey's

### Liquid Rennet

Made from the fresh rennet of the calf. Yields with milk a delicious dessert. The lightest and most grateful diet for invalids and children. This preparation produces a firmer and smoother junket and less whey than any wine of rennet, essence of rennet or similar preparation on the market. Prepared by

ANDREW JEFFREY  
Cor. Yonge and Carlton Streets

## SURE CURE FOR Indigestion or Dyspepsia

J. R. LEE, Chemist and Druggist  
Cor. Queen and Seaton Streets and 407 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

has both a county and a village of the name. Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia all have their Lornes—indeed, Ontario has two of the name. There is also a Lansdowne in Ontario, and both a Stanley and a Derby in New Brunswick, though they were probably there before the present Earl of Derby went to Ottawa. As yet there is, strangely enough, no Aberdeen. That has to come, and so has a Chamberlain. There are Salsburys in Manitoba and New Brunswick, a Goshen Island in British Columbia, but no Balfour east or west.

We may supplement the remarks made by the *Gazette* by saying that there is a post-office named Aberdeen in Grey county, Ontario, and another in Cariboo, British Columbia.

Mrs. Young—My great trouble is to get rid of stale food. Mrs. Stager—The easiest thing imaginable. Just tell the children that they must not eat it, that it will disagree with them, and you will have no more trouble.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Mephistoph, Eat'em & Co.

## EVERY DAY IS BARGAIN DAY IN WORKINGMEN

We Manufacture These Bargains Ourselves by Selling Goods Below Legitimate Cost

What the Workers Must Come to if They Support Departmental Stores

How would the Trade and Labor Council like to see the following advertisement in one of the papers which publish the "news" of bargains in these Departmental Stores, which they have endorsed:

|                                     |                                 |        |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------|
| 500 Bricklayers, worth.....         | \$3.00 per day, reduced to..... | \$1.25 |
| 500 Stonecutters, worth.....        | 3.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "    | 1.35   |
| 500 Carpenters, worth.....          | 2.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "    | 1.00   |
| 1000 Builders' Laborers, worth..... | 1.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "    | .55    |
| 5100 Tailors, worth.....            | 1.50 " " " " " " " " " " " "    | .65    |
| 2500 Dressmakers, worth.....        | 1.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "    | .35    |
| 3500 Sewing-girls, worth.....       | .75 " " " " " " " " " " " "     | .25    |
| 4000 Counter-girls, worth.....      | .50 " " " " " " " " " " " "     | .15    |
| 4500 Messenger Boys, worth.....     | .35 " " " " " " " " " " " "     | .10    |

### OUR BOOKKEEPING BARGAINS

|                                       |                                   |        |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 50 Bookkeepers, worth.....            | \$20.00 per week, reduced to..... | \$5.00 |
| 500 Asst. Bookkeepers, worth.....     | 10.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "     | 2.99   |
| 1500 Heads of Departments, worth..... | 15.00 " " " " " " " " " " " "     | 3.98   |

### PULPIT BARGAINS

|                            |                                   |          |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------|
| 100 Preachers, worth.....  | \$2,000 per year, reduced to..... | \$450.00 |
| 1000 Preachers, worth..... | 2,300 " " " " " " " " " " " "     | 390.00   |

### PRINTERS' BARGAINS

|   |                                   |        |
|---|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 395 Dozen Printers, worth.....  | \$12.00 per week, reduced to..... | \$5.00 |
| (No reserve.)   |                                   |        |
| 200 Job Lot of Editors, Reporters (bought of newspapers busted by Departmental "ads.") reduced to 25c. (the price of removing). |                                   |        |

The Labor Bureau can have this pointer to go into business as a departmental store, and do quite a business.



## Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

is said to be composed of wealthy and influential Greeks who live all over the world, we find for once, in a time of war, such a society of extraordinary use, dominating even the diplomacy and organization of Greece itself. Though they may not be organized on the same lines, yet throughout the whole world, even where the British flag does not fly, there are organizations of individuals who in a time of war would flock to the British standard in thousands, while in the Grecian case only hundreds could be found. Britishers do not lose their identity, for the old flag, the old home, the old village, the old school, the old university, and the old spirit which has made Great Britain what it is, have kept Britishers in foreign lands what they are. If ever the Old Land were threatened it would be one of the sights in the life of the universe to see the old boys go back, spend their money and their lives in keeping the old flag where it has always been. If Great Britain is to have trouble, the Jubilee year is the time to have it; if it is to be a time of trial, it will be followed by a blaze of glory; if it is to be a time of peace, it will be well remembered; but in either case the people of the greater half of the world, may feel sure that the empire which took a thousand years to build up will not be found in its last gasp until a thousand years from now have been spent in trying to tear it down. Don.

## Social and Personal.

The Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are on their way home, having sailed on the Majestic last Wednesday, as it was announced they would some weeks ago.

Westholme was the objective point to which many steps were turned last Saturday, and where a right royal Scotch welcome awaited Miss Michie's large circle of friends. Plenty of room, even for such a crowd, the brightest of attendant maidens in the tea-room, and the presence over all of the beloved and gentle lady whose role is sweet to those under her, and whose friendship is properly prized by all honored by its bestowal. Invalidism has failed to claim its victim in the hostess of Saturday, though she has had a long bout of illness quite recently and looks not yet quite restored. Miss Michie was, as usual, in a black gown, quiet and rich in texture, and Mrs. Skeaff of Cobourg and Miss Skeaff assisted in receiving. Brightest and most debonair among the guests was Sir Adolphe Caron, who often pops in and out of Toronto these days. The pastor of St. Andrew's and his bright and charming wife were honored guests. The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Col. and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. John Cawthra and her guest, Miss Maude Hendrie, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. Nicoll Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Miss Leila Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davies, the Misses Langmuir, Miss Munzinger, Mrs. and the Misses Gooderham of Maple Croft, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Capt. Robertson, Mr. Burritt, and all the other members of that circle to which Miss Michie's hospitalities are always so welcome.

Mr. A. Roy Macdonald is closing his classes this (Saturday) afternoon, when a *matinee danteuse* will be given in the assembly room of the Confederation Life at three o'clock, cards for which may be obtained from Mr. Macdonald, Room A, west entrance.

Miss Anna Butland, assisted by Mrs. Crowley, gives a piano recital this afternoon at Nordheimer's music room. Mrs. Crowley will sing L'Ete and a selection of Galathea, and music-lovers will enjoy a rich treat.

Mr. Hooper of Montreal was in town for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. and the Misses Rowand, who have been *en pension* at the Arlington for the winter, left this week for their home in Quebec. All will be much missed here, especially bright and winning Miss Jessie.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, who have been for some time in these parts, are now stopping in Ottawa.

Captain Sinclair, that most tactful and amiable of *aides*, has hidden good-bye to Ottawa and left for England, taking in charge that bright boy, Hon. Archie Gordon, son of Lord Aberdeen. To say that he *ever* will be missed is a truthful adaptation of a Koko chestnut. The role of an *aide* has its seamy side, and Captain Sinclair has been in some tight places, whence a less diplomatic and good-natured creature would never have emerged smiling; however, he, like the Khan's small hero, "never got left," and bears with him the regretful regard of hosts of friends.

Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and Miss Cawthra left for Scotland this week. Guiseley House will not, however, be closed during their absence, as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton and their wee ones have removed there, having given up their house in Isabella street.

Mrs. Lonsdale Capreol has Miss Cross of St. Kits, daughter of the Manager of the Bank of Commerce, as an Easter visitor.

People are beginning to fill up their guest-chambers with Horse Show visitors. Quite a lot of people have friends come or coming this week.

Next Wednesday at three o'clock art critics and patrons will be attracted to 22 King street west, by the sale of water-colors by Messrs. Townsend. These water-colors are the two years' harvest of Mr. George Bruenech's visit to Europe, especially interesting being the pictures of Norway with light effects peculiar to that country and never seen outside the Arctic circle. The pictures will be on view on Monday and Tuesday.

There will be three dramatic performances at the Princess Theater, May 7 and 8, under the direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw, assisted by

Miss Berryman and the pupils of the Conservatory School of Elocution. Damon and Pythias will be given at the first performance, with Mr. Shaw as Damon, Mr. Clifford Williams as Pythias, Miss Ida Wingfield as Calanthe, and Mrs. Reta Ross as Hermione. At the Saturday matinee The Colleen Bawn will be played, with Mr. C. LeRoy Kenney as Myles, Mr. Shaw as Hardress, Miss Berryman as Mrs. Cregan, Miss May Walker as Ann Chute, and Miss Muriel Dixon as Elly O'Connor. Byspecial arrangement with the author, Mr. Robert Drouet, the New York success Doris will be given in the evening, with Miss Berryman in the title role and Mr. Shaw as Dr. O'Neill. The other parts, in all three plays, are in competent hands, and success is already assured by those who have witnessed the rehearsals.

Prof. and Mrs. Clark gave a small dinner party on Easter Tuesday in honor of Mr. James Craig of Renfrew. Among those present were: Dr. Lowe, Miss Emma Lowe, Miss Dover, Mrs. Gilbert Griffin and Prof. McKenzie of Trinity College.

Owing to the disappointment freely expressed by crowds unable to gain entrance to St. James' Cathedral last Sunday, the music will be repeated to-morrow. At the organ recital in the evening Dr. Stocks Hammond will render a jubilee programme, including Handel's Coronation Anthem. The tenor solo in the morning anthem, Gounod's Sanctus, will be sung by Mr. Ernest G. Leigh.

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson's concert on Monday evening will be an event distinctly interesting and at which numbers of persons are sure to be present. Association Hall will be filled, and the programme promises much to repay every one for reserving the evening for this concert. The numbers are enumerated elsewhere and are calculated to whet anticipation a bit.

Miss Arthurs and her sister are visiting Miss Van Rensselaer in New York. They are to attend the Cheeseborough wedding, which has shared interest with the Peabody wedding of Easter Monday, at which Miss Lydia Harman Brown was bridesmaid.

St. George's Day sees every true Englishman sprucing himself up with a red, red rose and a health to the Queen, God bless her! Yesterday there was quite a run on Dunlop's roses, and at a certain smart table they formed a gorgeous centerpiece. The toasts were drunk with all enthusiasm, and the host, a bachelor, wished a better fortune than fate has as yet vouchsafed to him. By some stray hints I am led to conjecture that I shall soon be able to tell his fortune for him.

I passed Old Upper Canada College yesterday. Old Upper Canada, a factory with a great big black and white sign all around the top. What a shock to many an old boy it must be, and what would be the feelings of the many—they are no longer few—who have quit the battle of life for which the old school prepared them! Why could not that old carving above the main entrance be removed to New Upper Canada? A shield on which is carved a crown circled by two palm branches tied by a ribbon, on which is a good Latin motto; this, with its associations, looks so lonely where it is now. Let it be solemnly removed to New Upper Canada, there to be a link from the old building, and the good old times, and the grand old boys, to the new.

A reception in honor of Miss Dora Adron, superintendent of the Milwaukee Deaconesses' Home, will be held at the Toronto Deaconesses' Home, 28 McGill street, on Saturday afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock.

Mr. Appleton of the Bank of Montreal, Ottawa, spent the Easter holidays in town.

The Good Friday eve smoking concert in Massey Hall was an immense success. Chathamites, Londonites, Brantfordites and the majority of the city club wheelmen composed the audience—a jolly, snooky one, of course.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kent of St. George street left on Wednesday for New York, where they will join the Misses Kent, who are visiting with Mrs. G. A. Walton of 330 West 84th street. Mr. B. Kent will sail on Saturday by the Campana for Europe.

The Willard engagement was a treat rarely appreciated by a very large clientele of the set most *en evidence* as critics. Mr. Willard gave us a new note in the harmony and discord which makes up the chord of human life. He has heretofore struck high or pathetic notes—as Judah, as Silas the Middleman, as the lovable, absent-minded professor—all strong for good—and now he abruptly turned the carpet wrong side out and showed us the seamy side. It was a subtle study, and full of interest. The evening performances were exceedingly well attended, and a small episode not on the bill which happened at the Wednesday matinee tickled some of the audience very much. Someone behind the scenes, in the interest aroused during the scene between the discovered trickster and his loyal wife, forgot to remain *cache*, and the Chinese spectacle of part of the audience occupying the stage was too much for the star, who, with a few quick strides, reached the corner where the intruder stood and gave him Toko! The perfectly imperturbable way in which Mr. Willard returned to center and took up his interrupted dialogue was immense. Scarcely anyone near the stage would have noticed the momentary break.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt have returned from an extended sojourn in the Southern States.

Miss Fitzgibbon of Jarvis street left for England this week, to be absent all summer.

Mr. Harry Field is going to Leipzig in June.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp is doing very well in Vienna, where he had a little visit with some Toronto friends recently, who looked him up during their stay in the Paris of the East.

The C. W. A. Meet goes to Chatham on the First of July, as I prophesied two weeks ago, and the inhabitants of that small but saucy city are rubbing their noses over the question of entertainment and accommodation. Chat-

ham young blood is up; in fact, the youngsters moved the lever that moved the cycling world, and there is no danger that the smallest chance will be given for faultfinding by the other and bigger cities when the eventful day comes. Private citizens are going to keep open house in many cases; others will receive applications for accommodation, and in the right sense of the word the visitors will own the town. Wild rumors of the vagaries of Collie Ross's band and the freaks of the Mascots are already alarming nervous old ladies and gentlemen, but after the 3rd of July all these will know that the cycling fraternity deserve the trust and confidence of any town or city which may be temporarily entrusted to their mercies. Detroit is to be an attraction, I hear, on one of the days of the Meet, and a special cyclists' excursion there one of the probable outings.

The Saturday Meet was very well attended and a good run was had. Several ladies followed the hounds; the rendezvous was at Stanley Barracks.

The Dog Show, while not crowded with attendant worshippers of the vocal canine, was a rendezvous for quite a number of smart people on opening evening. The air was redolent of some awful disinfectant, which was a horrid bore to sensitive nostrils, but the doggies, as they wailed, howled, yapped and slept, were the absorbing interest. There were big, majestic yellow and white kings of dogdom, one so surly and hateful that a steady look at him roused a deep growl from away down below somewhere. There was Beelzebub, a smart, great fellow with sharp ears and mild, amiable expression, belying his suggestive name; and there were wee things in bird-cage looking boxes, snappish as you like, and all sharp little pointed teeth if you looked at them. The blessed little bundle of puppies that tumbled over each other in a crate at the door were petted and admired by a lot of women. Mrs. Lounsbrough's deer hound, of which she thinks such a lot, won his prize; a crowd was always about the box of Mr. George Gooderham's three-hundred-guinea fox-terrier. Now and then one heard the dog owner who had not entered his pet, boasting of how in many points it could exceed the prize bow-wow of the show. The dog who isn't there is ever the best dog, I've noticed. It is curious how some dogs select persons from the passing crowd and how for their notice and caress. The people who dropped in on Monday evening included: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbrough, Miss Turner, Miss Lounsbrough, the dear little pale-faced invalid who so seldom gets out; Miss Lucy McLean Howard, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Willie Ince, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Joe Beatty, Misses Amy and Maude Beatty, Messrs. McMurray, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong and Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. James Carruthers, Major Meade, Miss Montizambert, Mrs. E. S. and Miss Cox, Mr. Seagram, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Ed. Cox, Miss Douglas, and a large number of men about town.

Mr. Springer of Manitoulin returned home this week, leaving many warm friends in Toronto.

Miss Sibley of Detroit is visiting Mrs. Edward Jones.

Mrs. and Miss Gzowski are at Clifton Springs. Mr. Stan Gzowski, who has been at Wiesbaden for a long time for treatment of his eyes, returned home last week.

Mrs. Joseph Macdonald of Carlton Lodge, who has been with her daughter, Miss Sheila, on several weeks' sojourn in southern resorts, has brought back her invalid very much improved in health.

Mrs. Thomas Davies entertained Miss Healey of Buffalo last week, and on Thursday invited a small party of friends to an informal evening in honor of her guest. Music and dancing were the amusements of the evening.

A graceful Easter gift was a set of white silk altar curtains made for St. Barnabas' church and donated by Mrs. Wm. Clark of Trinity.

Among the Horse Show gowns, of which descriptions have reached me, will be several rather brilliant in color if quiet in cut. A bright blue creation will be worn by a smart horsewoman, and several Paris gowns are even now unpacked and shaken out of travel creases by folk newly returned from abroad. Gowns from London's court dressmaker are ready to be worn, but I shall be ready to back certain Toronto *modistes* to successfully design the gown of the great indoor Dress Parade of spring.

Mrs. Alfred Morson held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at her residence, 6 Brunswick avenue. Many friends welcome this bright hostess to Toronto society.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, who have been *en pension* at Cedarhurst, are now living at 167 Bloor street east.

Mr. Allan of Winnipeg (*nee* Wragge) came down to bid farewell to her mother and sisters.

Mrs. Totten's Easter Monday tea was almost the last entertainment which *la petite marquise* will give to her many friends in her residence, 96 St. George street, as Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, from whom Mr. Totten leased the said home, are, with their daughter, expected home almost immediately. Mrs. Totten's tea was all that could be of pleasant hours to a party of good friends, only woman, lovely woman! being invited to the festivity. Mrs. Miller, who was down on a visit from Berlin to her sister, the hostess, received with Mrs. Totten, and Miss Maude Givins, Miss Miller and Miss Street took charge of the tea-room. Pink roses were the flowers chosen for decorative purposes. Several persons who were away for the Easter holiday regretted missing this pretty tea, at which were among others: Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Miss Conventon, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. White Fraser, Miss Falconbridge and Miss Hugel.

Mrs. Alfred Beardmore has returned, much

the better for a little rest at Preston Springs, and is entertaining Mrs. Casgrain of Windsor until after the Horse Show.

"A" Company, 48th Highlanders, gave a dance in Confederation Life ball-room the other evening. Capt. Robertson, always the popular and enthusiastic officer, was president of the ball committee, and Lieut. Lorne Cosby vice-president. And the reels that were danced, and the good time generally enjoyed, were wonders.

Mrs. Wragge and her daughters leave for England to-day. Previous to Mrs. Wragge's departure from Toronto to reside in England, she was asked to several small teas to bid good-bye to that circle of which she has been so long an amiable and prized member. Monday's tea was at Summerhill, when Mrs. Larratt Smith and a congenial party wished *bon voyage* to Mrs. Wragge. Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden also gave a tea on Wednesday, when *adieu* were said to the guest of honor.

Mr. R. S. Williams of Goderich was down for the bicycle excitement on Friday of last week. It was quite an amusement to see the enthusiasm and generalship displayed by the little city in the West that captured the meet.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Kay, in St. George street.

Captain Pearce and Captain Thacker of Stanley Barracks are now stationed at the D School, London, where they will no doubt be as popular as they were in Toronto. As Captain Pearce was one of the riders taking part in the Maypole ride for the Horse Show, consternation was the word which followed his marching orders, but that invaluable man, Dr. George Peters, is to fill the vacant saddle, and all are doing merrily around the ribbon-twined pole, or shall do so on May-day.

"Sorry I can't lift my hat," cried an uncertain bicyclist of the medical profession as he meandered along Bloor street west. "Please don't," I implored, dreading a tumble for him and the consequent revenge of the most loving of wives if her dearest should get one small bruise on account of attempted polite greeting.

Miss Leckie of Dowling avenue, Parkdale, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Fisher, one of Winnipeg's most charming hostesses.

On Easter Monday evening Mrs. Spotten of Markham street gave a very jolly and rather large progressive euchre party. Miss Florrie Patterson was the fortunate lady to secure the first prize.

Mrs. William McKenzie and the Misses McKenzie are expected home some time in June, after a very prolonged absence in England.

There is a slang term sometimes accompanied by a knowing smile which is very funny, suggesting, as it does, the mild "sell," and almost recalling the victim of said sell to his fate. A ghost party, a ghost supper, a ghost luncheon, who has not heard of them? One of course never sees them; they exist only in the brain of the woman who invites you, puts you off, has fits of repentance, consults you on decorative schemes, murmurs vaguely about dates, grows diffuse over numbers, dishes and gowns, then *pouf!* the ghost party goes into the invisible along with the broken promises, forgotten engagements and unreturned umbrellas. There are persons who do quite a lot of their entertaining in this fashion. Their friends smile when a luncheon is prophesied or an invitation to supper cordially given. Well do they know that a day or two before the event should come of it, they will receive a note regretting that illness, etc. etc., and then it is that they smile and says, "Ghostparty."

Mr. Sears and Mrs. Humphrey, his sister, left for New York on Thursday. Mrs. Humphrey will remain away for at least a month.

## Easter Lilies.

Sweet d'cams are in her lifted eyes,  
Sweet prayers her parted lips are praying:  
She takes no heed of lovers' sighs  
Nor any yearnings earthward straying.  
She gives me no more thought than she  
Bestows on dead and gone Achilles;  
But I can hear that since I see  
She wears my bunch of Easter lilies. Judge.

## Had Seen Worse.

A story that has never been in print, and is worth handing down to posterity, says the *Youth's Companion*, relates to a reception some years ago at the dwelling of a social magnate in an Eastern city. It was attended by several persons of distinction.

During the evening one of the guests, a gentleman with a poor memory for faces and a little near-sighted, took the host aside and spoke to him in a confidential whisper.

"You see that tall man over there near that vase of flowers?" he said.

"Yes," replied the host.

"I was talking to him a few minutes ago about the terribly cold weather I had experienced out in Iowa in the winter of 1863, and he yawned in my face."

"Don't you know who he is?"

"No."

"That's Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer."

A Pittsburg paper says that McKinley should be solid with the agriculturists because he has begun by sending Hay to England.

## WM. STITT &amp; CO.

## ...LADIES' COSTUMES...

The newest shadings in cloth for tailor-made gowns.  
Some very choice French Pattern dresses for afternoon and visiting gowns.

## MILLINERY

French and American Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

## GLOVES—SPECIAL

4 Bt. Dressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings and large pearl buttons, \$1 and \$1.25.  
2 Clasp Derby Gloves, in all the newest shadings and tints.  
4 Bt. Undressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings, \$1.25.  
6 Bt. Length Gloves, in all colors, \$1.

## Paris Kid Glove Store

11 & 13 King Street East

## A Patched-up Toilet Set

spoils the appearance of an otherwise handsome bedroom.

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Complete sets in different shades                      | 81 50 |
| " " with extra large basin                             | 1 15  |
| " " with colored sprays and gold clouding              | 2 15  |
| " " with delicate shading and gold on hand-some shapes | 3 15  |
| " " to match any room, at all prices up to             | 20 00 |

## PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

## Engagement and Wedding ... Rings



fashioned in the advance styles, are always shown here in abundance. The solitaire diamond, perfect in shape and color, is always a favorite, particularly those at

The Diamond Hoop, from 25  
The Opal and Diamond, from 30

and all bear our stamp, which is equal to the British Hall work.

144 YONGE STREET

2nd door north of Temperance St.

KENTS' Leaders of Jewelry Watchmakers & Jewelers

## THIRD CANADIAN

## Horse Show

Armories Thursday APRIL 29th  
Toronto Friday " 30th  
Saturday MAY 1st

## SEATS NOW ON SALE

At Nordheimer's. Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 50c., 25c.  
A few good boxes left.  
Reduced rates on all railways.

## Dainty April Flowers

In rich profusion are waiting to give you pleasure, at

Dunlop's

Every choice variety—all fresh cut and delivered anywhere in perfect condition. Make your choice from our descriptive price list if out of town.

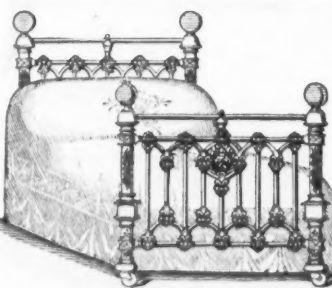
5 King Street West, 'Phone 1424  
445 Yonge Street, 'Phone 4192

## Brass Bedsteads

## CHILDREN'S COTS

## RICE LEWIS &amp; SON

(LIMITED)



Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO



## Social and Personal.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Manning avenue, on Thursday, April 15th, the bride being Miss Maggie Henry, daughter of Mr. John Henry of County Fermanagh, Ireland, and the groom Mr. Robert Martin, son of Mr. John Martin of Toronto, late of County Monaghan, Ireland. The bridesmaid was Miss Emma Sauter, and best man Mr. John Martin, jr., brother of the groom. Rev. Charles B. Darling officiated, and only a few immediate relatives and friends of the happy couple were present. Mr. and Mrs. Martin have taken up their residence at 258 Concord avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong are removing from 634 Ontario street to 131 Rose avenue, where Mrs. Armstrong will receive on the second and fourth Mondays as usual, after May.

Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers and Mr. George Carruthers returned from Europe on Good Friday, having enjoyed a lovely trip of several months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Morang and Miss Alice Heaven are among the Torontonians who will go to New York during the Grant memorial ceremonies. Miss Heaven will afterwards extend her visit to friends in Washington.

Mrs. W. S. and Miss Mabel Lee, the Misses Carty and several other well known society persons, sail on the Furnessia for England next month.

The very sad accident which happened last week to one of Toronto's dear old ladies was the cause of much condolence. I refer to the fall resulting in a fracture of the thigh which has laid up Mrs. Lee. This respected and esteemed lady has reached the great age of eighty-seven, and has an immense connection in Toronto. Everyone who has been the recipient of her many kind words and deeds, for which she is loved far and near, gives many thoughts and messages of sympathy to the aged sufferer.

A marriage which will bring a beautiful bride to Toronto as hostess took place on Easter Monday in Brooklyn. The groom was Mr. Henry Ferguson Darrell and the bride Miss Ethel Blanche Mary Garvin, daughter of Mr. John Garvin, who, in her childhood days, (so few years ago), was known as one of the lovely Garvin twins. Mr. and Mrs. Darrell will receive on May 5 and 6 at 21 Selby street.

Two smart and capably acted little plays were presented at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening by some of our clever amateur actors who have adopted the old-time name of The Players. Nothing but praise may be given to amateurs, who, for sweet charity or some equally worthy object, undertake the amusement of a parcel of people dying of ennui and spring colds. But the performance of last Tuesday was really pretty and well done. Not half the usual pauses of five seconds which seem hours to the anxious actors and their friends, were provided by those who so often study their lines carefully. The last play especially ran quite without a hitch, so far as the perception of the audience could discover. To Oblige Benson is a sort of double-barreled boomerang, when, with the best intentions, people get into a series of entanglements and unravel themselves for the entertainment of the audience. The parts were taken by Miss Edith Heward, Miss Edith Cassels, Mr. Marsland, Mr. Kelso and Mr. W. McGregor, and the scene was prettily set in quite an up-to-date style. The second play, by many pronounced the better, (but comparisons are odious in such matters), was a quaint little scene and a quartette of old-time people in Empire costumes—short-waisted dresses for Miss Alice Lea and Miss Lampert, and all the bravery of satin breeches, velvet coats and long boots for the lady-killer, Mr. Kelso, and the jealous husband, Mr. Bascom. The plot is simply the trial of *finesse* between the lady-killer, Lord Adonis, who loves Emily (Miss Lampert), and Emily's sister, Lady Mayduke, who, being warned by a London gossip of the ways of Lord Adonis, determines to save her sister from his wiles, and pretends that he has been making love to herself. Sir Martin Mayduke is anything but *marri complaisant* upon this revelation, and some complications, in which a snuffbox is an amusing factor, ensue. Amid universal sneezes the curtain falls upon the final conviction that Lord Adonis, whatever his record, is, at all events, sincerely in love this time. Mr. Victor Hutchison was a killing servant, and caused much amusement by darting in and out like a streak of dove-colored lightning. The ladies' frocks were very becoming and in them they looked like pictures, each face suiting to perfection the pretty *coiffure* its owner chose. After the presentation of the plays, quite a large party remained for the hop. The floor was in very nice order and the music very spirited and good. The lady patronesses were almost all present, their patronage being accentuated by strong personal interest and not the usual formal complaisance. Part of the programme was in the hands of some members of the Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club, who played at the opening, and also an *entr'acte*. At the dance which followed I noticed quite a number of exceedingly pretty girls, many of whom were in ball gowns, though a happy medium in the way of costume was the rule. A few present were: Lady Meredith, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, Mrs. Bendelari and Miss Belford, Miss Homer Dixon, Miss Scanlan, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. Richard Howard, Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Denzil, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Moore, the Misses Drayton, Mrs. and Miss Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. LeGrand Reed, Miss May Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Casey Wood, Mr. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. E. B. and Miss Osler, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, the Misses Phillips, Mr. Carruthers, Miss Heward, Dr. Thistle, Miss Yda Milligan, Mrs. Heintzman, Miss Matthews, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, Miss Sheppard, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Dr. and Mrs. Kertland and Miss Kertland. The greatest credit for the success of this very jolly and clever affair is due to the energetic manager and secretary,

If They're  
Nasmith's  
They're  
Pure

Nasmith's  
Chocolate  
Bon-Bons

We will forward  
on receipt of price.  
1 lb. Box, 55 Cents  
2 lb. Box, \$1.05  
3 lb. Box, \$1.50  
5 lb. Box, \$2.30

Delivered free to any part of Canada.

The NAISMITH CO., Ltd.  
51 King Street East, 470 Spadina Avenue  
Toronto.

We Sell All the Best Makes  
OF

Cameras and  
Photographic

PLATES AND FILMS  
STANLEY EASTMAN  
HAMMER CRAMER  
ILFORD CARBUT  
SEEDS, &c.  
IN ALL SIZES

Mail and Phone orders promptly attended to.

MULHOLLAND & CO.  
159 Bay Street

GEO. W. COOLEY  
WINES AND SPIRITS

Jockey Club Cocktails  
Clarets, Burgundies  
Ports, Sherries, &c.

567 Yonge Street Telephone 3089

At Home  
Invitations...

Copper-plate engraved, with your name and address. See our samples and prices.

Calling Cards...

Copper-plate printing. Only \$1.00 per 100.

Wedding Invitations...

Type printed or copper-plate engraved.

Out-of-town-orders receive specially careful and prompt attention. Write for samples and prices.

BAIN'S BOOK & STATIONERY CO.  
53 King East, Toronto.

1000 Ladies in Toronto

Have used Trycophmer and testify to its worth. For the falling out of hair and the production of a new growth it is absolutely the only certain remedy. Heads examined free of charge.

TOM. FROM GREENS, 271 Yonge Street

A Prudent Hostess

Will Plan Her Service

Why not consult a caterer at once and avoid anxiety. Consultations given for...

Dinners, Luncheons, Teas, Weddings and Receptions

GE. S. MCCONKEY  
27 and 29 King Street West

Mr. W. F. N. Windeyar, who is a prominent and enthusiastic member of St. Simon's congregation. The full list of patronesses were: Lady Meredith, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mrs. John Massey, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. George Dickson and Mrs. O. R. Macklem.

Mr. J. K. Johnstone, of the Inland Revenue Department, and Mrs. Johnstone spent the Easter holidays in Ottawa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Selina Kennedy Pease died this week at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Irish of Henry street. She was a cousin of the late Sir Arthur Kennedy, G.C.M.G., C.B., once Governor of British Columbia. Mrs. Pease had reached the advanced age of 73.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jarvis spent Easter in Chatham with Mrs. Jarvis's sister, Mrs. Willie McKeough. On Easter Eve a very jolly little impromptu progressive euchre was arranged in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, at which were: Dr. and Mrs. Eberts of Vancouver, Dr. and Mrs. George McKeough, Miss Atkinson, Mr. Percy Scholfield, Mr. James Gray, Miss Skeay, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Denison, Mr. Herman Robertson, Miss Allie and Mr. Frank McKeough, Mr. Harry Northwood and Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis.

Mr. H. E. C. Melrose, Assistant Manager of the Montreal & Rochester Transit Co., and representing the Picton Bicycle Club at the

recent C. W. A. meeting, has been spending the past week in Toronto visiting friends as well as looking after business in the interests of his firm.

The concert given by the Harbord street Collegiate Literary Society on April 14 in the Assembly Hall was a very enjoyable and successful affair. The stage was prettily decorated with palms and potted plants, with a background of Oriental scenery, which, with the pretty toilets worn by the young ladies who took part in the programme, formed a very pleasing picture. A large and enthusiastic audience was present. A very good and well selected programme was arranged. Mr. Bengough, in his usual entertaining manner, gave several original selections which were appreciated by all. Special mention should be made of the excellent piano solos of Miss Evelyn Healey of Buffalo, who played with rare delicacy of feeling, and also of Miss Jessie Perry, whose reputation as a pianist is already known in Toronto. Miss Dora McMurtry sang as charmingly as usual. Miss Hilda Davis' violin solo was well appreciated. A vocal song was given by Mr. Percival Parker and two selections by the String Quintette. The Dramatic Club deserves great praise for the excellent manner in which they rendered the comedy, *Lend me Five Shillings*. Great credit is due the president, Mr. T. Alex Davies, and to the painstaking committee through whose efforts the affair was a great success.

Wind and weather of the most boisterous and Arctic description set in on Easter Monday and made the usually pleasant jaunt to the Hunt Club a test of friendship and admiration for the charming soprano and contralto who were to sing at the Easter Monday musicale which had been so much anticipated. Many were obliged, despite their desire, to remain at home, for many are yet only convalescing from la grippe and others are gripped a *l'instant*. However, a pretty fair gathering was delighted with the lovely voices and very choice programme provided by Miss Beverley Robinson and Mrs. Mackelcan. Solos, duets, good cheer and congenial chat made up an afternoon of pleasantness and, save for the warring elements, of harmony very perfect and delightful. The *habitués* of the Club House and many smart people beside drove out, and several parties remained for dinner and the cosy hour afterwards when the wide hearth glows and shaded lights throw ruddy beams upon many a beautiful face. I am told that, once again, Mrs. Mackelcan's famous song, *Oh That We Two Were Maying*, sent a thrill of pathos into every heart. It never fails of this, and is one of the most expressive and powerful of her grand repertoire, bringing out all the rich and compelling power and beauty of her voice. Miss Robinson, who is a perfect drawing-room singer, was at her best on Easter Monday.

The executive of the Athenaeum Club gave an At Home in the Club Building on Easter Monday, which was a very bright and enjoyable affair, and a *finale* to their successful and original Nation Show of the previous week.

The Easter flowers and music in the churches this year were quite worthy of a very big city indeed, but then the stalwart police, with their little cards, assure us that we have grown bigger this year.

The DOREN WEND CO., Ltd.

103 & 105 YONGE STREET



Ladies...

See our spring styles in Bangs, which we have in endless variety, pretty and becoming, at all prices.



Gentlemen...

Are you bald? Remember, we manufacture artistic hair coverings, now worn by over 32,000 gentlemen. So perfect are they constructed that the closest observer would not doubt anything false.

The DOREN WEND CO., Ltd.  
103 & 105 Yonge St.



Fine French Cambric

OXFORD and ZEPHYR SHIRTINGS

New colorings and designs in Neck Wear.

Unique, stylish and at the same time neat, Bicycle Hose.

These are specialties. Many of them made for and confined to us for Ontario. Inspection invited.

Bilton Bros.

Look  
Here,  
Ladies



Hooper's Headache Powders



Everybody has a pet remedy for such an ailment as a severe headache. You will freeze your head by the direction of some and blister your feet to please others, but if you want a remedy that will never fail to bring relief, it is waiting for you done up in boxes at 25c, or trial package (containing 3 powders), 10c., at

HOOPER & CO.'S  
Telephone 536 43 & 45 King St. West

To the best materials that money can buy we add the skill and thought of experienced workmen. The result is

Webb's  
Wedding Cakes

unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Our new catalogue gives full particulars and is mailed free to those who mention this paper.

The HARRY WEBB CO.  
LIMITED  
447 Yonge Street

If Your Children  
Are Ill

Nourish them with the famous Alpine Milk and they will soon be well and strong again. Alpine Milk is delivered direct from the farm in sealed glass bottles and is sold at 6 cents per quart.

TELEPHONE The Alpine Dairy Co.  
4450 Cor. Yonge and Isabella

Cook's Turkish Baths

Are the finest in Canada, having all the latest appliances, and perfect in its appointments. The sleeping accommodation for the night bathers is the finest on this continent. Thoroughly experienced attendants for ladies and gentlemen. Massage, Masseur and Chiropodist always in attendance.

204 King St. West T. T. COOK, Prop.,  
Phone 1246 Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

BALM OF BEAUTY FOR THE COMPLEXION

POSITIVELY REMOVES  
Freckles, Sunburn, Pimples, Tan, Moth and Blackheads, leaving the skin clear and peach-like. Fifty cents per bottle (mail).

LOUIS DE FRENCH, St. Catharines, Ont.

Accordion, Knife and "Sun" Plaiting

Pattern for the new "Sun Skirt" free. Special prompt attention given to out-of-town orders. Send for circular.

STACKHOUSE, 124 King Street West

THE MOST ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT, & PORTABLE FORM OF SOUP

LAZENBY'S  
SOUP  
SQUARES

(MULLIGATAWNY, GRAVY, JULIENNE, ETC.)

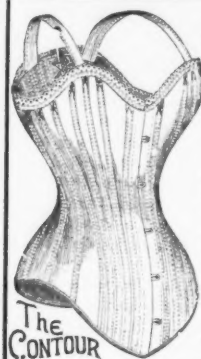
FOR MAKING FRESH SOUP OR IMPROVING HOME MADE STOCK

EACH SQUARE WILL PRODUCE

1 1/2 PINTS OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP

Prepared by

E. LAZENBY & SON, L<sup>td</sup> 18, Trinity St. LONDON, S.E.



Clothes

Should be Well  
Made and ...  
Worn Easily

said Lord Chesterfield. But unless a lady chooses a well fitting corset it is impossible that her dress can be well made, and knowing that her new spring costume is wrinkled and unstylish will prevent her from wearing it with ease and grace.

Buy THE CONTOUR, the most stylish corset in the world, easy, graceful and durable.

Beware of Imitations.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Crompton Corset Co.

TORONTO

Branch Telephone 3553 Telephone 2975

Have You  
Seen the...

Princess Louise Bang

Entirely New Design

Specially adapted for lady cyclists. Exceedingly light and as natural as life.

Just arrived, a large shipment of hair, and now we are prepared to give our patrons the latest designs in Spring Coiffures and Hair Goods of every description. Prices to suit the times.

Ladies and Children's Hair Dressing, Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing.

If your hair is falling, go to Pember's and have your scalp examined. We guarantee to prevent this hair falling and produce a healthy growth within one month.

TURKISH BATHS

The best equipped in Canada. Ladies—Tuesday and Friday mornings and Thursday all day.

W. T. PEMBER

127 & 129 Yonge Branch 778 Yonge

ARMAND'S

Ladies' Hair Dressing and Manicure Parlors

Are the brightest, cleanest and best appointed in the city. Tel. 248.

Ladies' fashionable hair dressing for Balls, Soirees, Theater, Concerts, Weddings, Photos, etc.

Ladies' and children's hair carefully trimmed, singed and shampooed.

If the hair is dry, lifeless, colorless, split at the ends, gray or does not grow, come to have it treated. Hair and scalp scientifically treated after fever, illness, or any other cause.

Ladies, Children and Gentlemen's Manicure Parlors.

Remember, we give you the best manicure in Toronto (better than in New York) for 50c.

Our Face Massage and Steaming Treatment cannot be superceded by any other treatment. It is the most natural and most beneficial treatment known; it preserves and improves the complexion without the aid of artificial means. Try it once and be convinced of the beneficial effect on the skin. We keep in stock all manicure articles. Fine Cold Cream, Powders, Lip Salves, Toilet Vinegars, Toilet Waters, Eau de Cologne, fine French, English and American Extract for handkerchiefs, fine French Toilet Soaps.

Remember, our articles are genuine and prices reasonable.

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

Telephone 248

441 Yonge, cor. Carlton Street, Toronto, Ont.

RESTAURANT

AND

Catering Establishment

Leader Lane & Wellington St.

Leading Caterers

For estimates and prices apply to

ALBERT WILLIAMS, Proprietor



## COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

## LA MARCHE FUNÈBRE.

[Copyright, 1897, by G. F. Russell.]

BY G. FREDERIC RUSSELL.

I was not out from choice that night, not a bit of it, for it was one of those nights that, when one has to be walking about outside, his principal idea is to get in again, to take off his wet shoes and warm himself before the grate fire.

Because my work kept me out very late, sometimes far into the morning, I had, a short time before, moved down town, so that I could walk home instead of having to depend on the uncertainty of the night cars. That is the reason, together with the fact that I had my mackintosh buttoned up to my eyes and my hat pulled far down, I missed the street I usually turned into to get to my rooms and walked a block out of my way before I discovered it. It was long after midnight. The street I did turn down was particularly dark and narrow and the houses were mostly small, two-and-a-half-story affairs, of brick that had once been red, with dirty marble steps protected by rusty iron railings. They were all equal in grim and dreariness.

As I hurried along, very much disgusted with myself for having gone out of my way on such a night, the heavy tones of a pipe-organ suddenly made themselves felt under the noise of the storm, low and solemn. I stopped, full of wonderment, I looked about for some structure large enough to contain the sound. There was no church of heavy masonry, with solid stone doorways, with strong arched windows, which would have properly framed the music, and it did not seem possible that it could come from any of the small buildings ahead of me.

A heavy rush of wind drowned the sound. It came from one of the little houses. I stopped in front of it still more amazed. The sombre tones of the second movement in Chopin's famous sonata—his funeral march—came out to me. I got under the shelter of the tree and listened, leaning against the trunk. The shutters were open and there were no curtains to the windows, but I could see no light. The last part of the march was being played. It swelled, it rose, it thundered and crashed, and then it thundered, and rumbled, and died down and ceased.

I drew in a long breath and sighed, and then wondered why I had done so. For the moment I forgot to be surprised that an organ was in such a place and that it was being played at such an hour, but instead simply wondered who it was who could get such human tones out of it. I gazed at the windows eagerly, hoping to see the one who had been playing.

A weakened face appeared at one of the windows—that of an old man, with long, white hair that grew at the back and sides of his head only. His skin seemed almost colorless. He opened the window and pulled in the shutters; did it slowly, regardless of the storm. I heard the bolt slide into its socket and then he appeared at the other window and closed in the shutters there, but he did not seem to notice me.

Next morning I began to speculate as to why he was playing the march at that hour, till I got my curiosity worked up to such a pitch that I made up my mind to know all about the old man with the colorless face. Who was he, I argued, who could get such a feeling out of music that I should stop in the rain and feel full in my chest? I, who thought I cared nothing for music; I, who thought I had no heart for anything but my own work. I had heard the march many times before and had been impressed by its solemnity, but that was all. I could even whistle the second part of it—but this old man; what was his secret? What was his sorrow?

It was impossible for such a person to escape the notice of his neighbors, but I was surprised to find how little was known about him. He was looked upon as a miser. He lived with an old colored woman who did his work and had lived in his dreary little house for a great many years. His name was Landis, but it was not known that he did anything but play on his organ and pianos—it was said he had very many pianos. That was all the information I could get.

I made it a point, after the rainy night when I first heard him play, always to pass his house going to and from my rooms, and now and then when I would hear his organ, I would stop and listen to the march. It seemed to be the only piece the old man ever played. Being but newly come to the city, I had few acquaintances, and for that reason, if for none other, I derived considerable satisfaction from the powerful piece.

One afternoon, it must have been about six months after I first heard him play, I was passing through his street whistling the middle part of the march, when I suddenly looked up at his windows and saw the old man looking at me. I stopped short in my whistling and was ashamed of myself, because I had an indefinite idea that the march belonged entirely to him and that I was doing wrong to whistle it, especially when he could hear me. But he looked at me so pleasantly that I smiled back and bowed to him, and he also nodded his head. A few days later he was standing on his steps as I was passing, and I nodded to him again. I should have gone on, but he looked as though he wished to speak to me, and I paused as he reached his steps.

"You like my march?" he asked.

"I said I did, very much, and wondered how he knew that I had heard him play."

"Come in," he said, after looking me over keenly.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," I said apologetically, "but I've heard your march several times from the outside and I felt that I must know the man who played it."

"Yes," he said, and then led the way to the parlor, for the organ was built up to within ten feet of the windows.

"Take a chair," he said, pointing to the only one in the room, and he sat upon the organ bench and eyed me critically.

"You, too, have a sorrow. I knew you would come! I saw you under the tree in the

storm. But why didn't you come sooner?"

"You knew I would come!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, of course; they all do. They find a crazy old miser, and then they forget the march."

He laughed a low laugh at my astonishment that he had seen me. I studied him curiously. He was very old, not in years, perhaps, but in misery and sorrow. His skin was wax-like and seemed transparent; I almost thought that I could see his skull through it. But the eyes—there was the man! The body vanished. It seemed that the soul was eating up the body. What does a body amount to when one has a soul? I forgot that I was sitting in front of him and was wondering why he was a miser, when I realized that he was talking.

"They do not know what love or sorrow is; everything is earth to them. They looked at my house and my body and said I am a fool, and they went away. My name's Landis. What's yours?"

I told him.

"Perhaps you may understand," He swung around on the bench and started to play his divine march. He straightened up and seemed to fill out the clothes that hung loosely on him before; his arms seemed strong and active. The player and the emaciated old man were two separate and distinct beings.

When he stopped playing and softly pushed in the stops, the spell was not broken; the spirit of the march was still in the room, and when he swung around on the bench again his face seemed to be encircled in a halo of light. I forgot that I was in a dingy little apartment containing no furniture but one chair and a stool, with one old engraving decorating the walls, the paper on which was stained and peeling off.

"Can you blame me for starving for that?" he asked softly, when the time for speaking came.

"No," I said. "I do not blame you."

There was another silence, which he disturbed by crossing the floor and throwing the shutters wide open, letting the sunlight into the room. I roused myself and tried to say something in praise of his playing, but he cut me off by laughing aloud, his face beaming, reminding me of a baby with a new toy which someone has taken the pains to admire.

"Don't say anything," he said. "You know why I starve, and I know what you think."

I asked him if he ever played outside, and where he played. I had an idea that he might be an organist at some church.

"Why, don't you know?" he asked, appearing astonished, and then he said: "No, of course you don't know. I'm playing it for her—my wife—they played it at her funeral. They say I fainted—old, isn't it? I used to be an architect; I was a pretty good one, too. Yes, I was a good architect. I did that for her. Why, when I got married I was ten years ahead of any man of my age. I was thirty-five then. I'm not sorry she's dead, for she suffered a great deal. Her horse threw her two years after we were married, and she was an invalid for five years. I stayed with her all the time. There was nothing to work for then, because I knew she would die."

He paused for a moment, but did not take his eyes from the floor. Then he went on again: "I spent almost all of my money for her, but I was very glad to do that: I had earned it for her."

"Do you know," he said, looking up at me, musingly, while he spoke very slowly, "she is always with me when I am playing, and I know she is not suffering. At first I'm afraid it had a bitterness in it, for I could not be quite satisfied, though I knew I should have been glad at once she was in heaven. I sold the house we had and bought this, because I only had two hundred a year left. They cheated me in both selling and buying. But I didn't care much. I had enough left over to get a pretty good piano after paying my debts. I've bought three more pianos since, and I've had this organ put in. It is very beautiful, is it not?"

I said it was.

"It's very hard work, though, on two hundred a year—I can't eat very much. But I'm saving up now for the last time, and then—"

He broke off suddenly and asked me if I should care to see his pianos. I said I should, for I wanted to move around and shake myself together.

The pianos were all over the house—five of them—and he played the march on every one, beginning with the oldest and telling me how much starving each one had cost. Then he took me back to the organ and played the march on it, exerting himself to bring out the contrast.

"He wrote it for the piano—Chopin did," he said to me, "but he did not know it as I do—no one ever did. Some day I will write it down as I know it and it will not be played on the piano any more."

I nodded my head and said "Yes," but I could not agree with him. He could write it down, yes; but who was there to play it as he played it? Who else could sacrifice his world for the pleasure of one march?

When I went to see him again about a week later I thought that he looked a little thinner, if it were possible, but he seemed greatly pleased at sight of me. He did not seem inclined to play, but wanted to talk. He apparently had something important to tell. He left me in the parlor and slipped quietly away after putting his finger to his lips, cautioning silence. I was at my wits' ends to make out the reason for his mysterious actions.

Something unusual had happened or was going to happen—that was plain. The parlor showed that a change for the worse had taken place in it. Where there had been a chair and a stool before, there was only a stool now, and the one engraving was gone.

"She's eating in the kitchen," the old man said when he reappeared, speaking in a whisper.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"I don't know," said the man, "but listen."

The wailing notes of the organ struck my ears and made me shiver. The same notes, the same discords wailed out unceasingly. The windows were shut. I shoved my way up the steps and rang the bell. I could hear it awaken the echoes in the all but empty house and then die down and get lost in the wailing of the organ. No one came to the door. I rang again, and the crowd looked at me wonderingly. My face was

"Who's in the kitchen?" I asked.

"Sh! she'll hear you—Millie's there, eating sausages. She says she won't starve any more. But she don't starve—I could never keep her from eating three times a day. I eat only once now. She sells my things because I don't give her money. She shan't get the money, though, and I won't want any of the things in six months."

"But why don't you give her money to buy food for you both? What do you want to save for now, when you have such an organ?" I questioned.

He seated himself upon the organ bench and played a few bars.

"Did you ever hear of the organ in Albert Hall?" he asked, presently, his eyes glistening as he spoke.

I nodded my head.

"I'm going to London to play on it," he said, "and that's why I'm saving my money. It has ten thousand pipes—ten thousand pipes! Think of it! And nearly one hundred and fifty stops. I will play my march on it. My dear old march—I hope someone will play it for me when I am dead. Think of it; ten thousand pipes! I will play on the big organ, and then I shall be ready to die."

"But why should you be in such a hurry?" I argued. "Why not eat three times a day and wait six months more?"

He looked at me pityingly. He twisted around on the bench again and played the march from beginning to end. Then he said: "Think of that on ten thousand pipes and don't ask me why I must starve."

What could I say to him? I wondered whether he were not happy for all his sorrow—to possess an ambition of such strength is surely worth something. It was paying for itself with his life's blood. I left him at his organ and went in search of Millie. It would never do, I thought, to let her sell all of his things. I would arbitrate and try to compromise with her. I found her in the kitchen, just finishing the feast of sausages—eating them from the pan in which they had been cooked and using a broad butcher's knife in place of a fork. She looked even older than the master of the house. Her hair was a rusty white—what there was of it—her cheeks sunken in, and her eyes were red and watery; beyond her head there was nothing but a dirty bundle of rags.

She stared at me furtively as I made my way across the dirty floor.

"You're Millie?" I questioned.

She said she was.

By the time our conversation had ended I had quite a good opinion of the old woman, who had served Mr. Landis ever since his wife had died and had received nothing for her work but her scanty food, the money for which she usually had to steal from him. For days at a time the old man had gone without food till she had been obliged to threaten to kill him to make him eat. She got his clothes for him by begging, and sometimes did washing to buy things for him. She said she was tired of "sich goin' on;" so to make sure that she would not sell the lead pipe and stationary fixtures in the house, I promised her a certain small sum every week if she could get nothing from her master. I did not tell him what I had done.

I saw him every week and each time listened to his divine music, forgetting for the time his mode of existence. I could not but notice, however, that at each visit he seemed weaker and more nervous, yet more happy and exuberant. I judged from this that his savings were increasing rapidly.

Five months went by and I had grown to love the old man. I had long talks with him, and argued and argued to keep him from killing himself. He would always listen attentively and then go through with his never-wearying march and smile at me and say:

"It is worth it. I must play it on the big organ—think of it; ten thousand pipes!"

He must have realized that someone was supplying money for him and the old negress to live on, but he said nothing about it.

One day when I called I found him sitting on the floor in front of his organ counting money into a small tin box. He hardly noticed me, and there was a strange, terrified look in his eyes.

"They made me spend five dollars," he moaned.

"What?"

"They said the yard and cellar should be cleaned, and they cleaned them—made me pay five dollars. I could have started in two weeks." He pressed the bills down into his box, and after a final caressing look shut it and hid it back of the organ. I guessed that an agent of the Board of Health had been to see him.

Three weeks later he told me that he would be gone in five days, and asked me to go down to the ship with him and see him off. He had engaged his passage—in the steerage.

Millie is to have the house when I am gone and my two hundred a year for working for me. She can eat three times a day till she dies."

"But what will you do for yourself?" I asked.

"Me! I shall die when I have played on the big organ. I shall not bother about money any more. I have fifty dollars besides my ticket—what more can I need?"

That had been on a Thursday in August. His ship sailed on the following Wednesday. I helped him pack his bag and get his things ready, feeling as though I were aiding and abetting some unlawful act. The old negress looked glum and angry.

I was to help him down to the wharf, so I appeared at his house at six o'clock Wednesday morning. When I rounded the corner I saw a score of persons standing in front of his door, and my heart sprang into my mouth. I ran down the street and pushed my way into the crowd.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"I don't know," said the man, "but listen."

The wailing notes of the organ struck my ears and made me shiver. The same notes, the same discords wailed out unceasingly. The windows were shut. I shoved my way up the steps and rang the bell. I could hear it awaken the echoes in the all but empty house and then die down and get lost in the wailing of the organ. No one came to the door. I rang again, and the crowd looked at me wonderingly. My face was

## "Have you this spring eaten any 'sparagus yet?"

—BROME

An interesting question, but still more interesting is whether you are drinking the purest, wholesomest and best of all teas—

# "Salada"

CEYLON TEA

Sold in Sealed Lead Packets only.

25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

pale, I know, and I must have looked as I felt, terribly excited.

"There's ghosts in there," I heard the old man say, and those who heard passed the remark to the others, and all drew away from the house a little. A policeman came up and wanted to know what the trouble was.

"My friend, a musician, lives here," I explained, "and I think something has happened to him."

"Ring the bell," he said, and then gave it a pull himself. He got no answer, and the wailing of the organ still continued.

"Come with me to the back of the house and let us break in," I suggested. We went around through a filthy alley, followed by half of the curious crowd.

A small boy climbed over the fence and opened the gate for us. The back door was open, and I rushed through the house ahead of the policeman and into the parlor. I could see nothing on account of the darkness, but the wailing of the organ chilled me. I knew that my friend lay on the keys. I opened one of the shutters, and we picked him up, the policeman and I, and carried him upstairs to his warm little bed.

He was not dead. When we had bathed his head and forced a little whisky into his mouth, he opened his eyes. He caught hold of my hand and gasped:

"She stole it all—all—all! Catch Millie! I must go and play, for there are ten thousand pipes!"

Then he fell back unconscious again. The doctor stood holding his pulse for a moment.

"Where does he want to go?" he asked me, studying the old man's face.

I told him the whole story as briefly as possible, and then looking up from the pitiful, worn face, he said, speaking in a very quiet voice:

"If he does not go he will probably go mad. He's but a short time to live, anyway, so he'd better go. I'll pay half if you'll—"

I interrupted him, assuring the other twenty-five dollars, and thanked him profusely for his kindness. The old negress had not taken the ticket.

"When he comes to again," the doctor said, "you tell him that the woman has brought back the money. That'll bring him around all right, for it's only his nerves that are keeping him alive now. We'll see him safe aboard the steamer, and he'll pull through till he gets to the organ. It doesn't seem to matter what happens after that."

He handed me the twenty-five dollars and then set about restoring his patient to consciousness. Slowly the wrinkled lids opened and I stood looking sorrowfully at my old friend. I hated to lie to him.

"Be quick," the doctor said sharply, "don't let him think."

Then I "explained" to Mr. Landis. If all the lies I have ever told had repaid me half so well, I would not regret them.

Nearly two weeks after that day when we saw the old man off for his long journey, I saw a little note in a newspaper stating that an unknown man had been found dead on the keys of the organ in Albert Hall. A little later a friend of mine living in London, to whom I had written telling of Mr. Landis, sent me a letter giving me the beautiful end of my sad story.

Of how Mr. Landis got to London, and how he succeeded in getting into the big hall, the letter did not tell. But just after daylight one morning Chopin's Marche Funebre was heard

rumbling forth from the powerful organ. A policeman, the driver of a hansom cab and the man in charge of the hall, went to investigate. When they got near enough to see how old and feeble the man was, they hesitated, not knowing exactly what to do. The driver called to the player to stop, but the old man did not hear him. The policeman was for going up and pulling him from the bench, but the janitor held him back.

"Yer fool," said he, "keep shut an' listen to 'is playin'. I've 'eard thet a good many times, but blow me if I ever 'eard hit played in thet way."

So those three men sat down, and soon they were listening with all their ears, and eyes, and mouths, too. The janitor told my friend of it afterwards.

My dear old friend had nearly finished when they came in, but when he did reach the end he did not stop. He started to play it over again, and other men and some women and a few small boys crept into the hall to hear the music. The men stood far back with their heads bowed, and the women with their hands kept quiet, which is a good thing for a London urchin to do. As I had been fascinated, so were they.

The old man was apparently unconscious of their presence. He played as he never played before—was playing his own funeral march this time, and I knew his wife's soul was near him. The hall was as still as death save for the music, and when the last note came all the listeners held their breath. Landis sat still for a moment, and then it was he who broke the silence with a soft sigh, but still no one back of him moved. He raised his hand as if to push in the stops, but the arm dropped down to the bench and he would have fallen had not the janitor jumped forward and caught him in his arms. He was carried away fainting with exhaustion to a hospital, where he soon died.

"And do ye know," the janitor had concluded to my friend, his eyes swimming even then, "every one of them what was there was cryin' like little mites of babies when we took 'im away."

THE END.

O. H. ZIEGLER, D.D.S., M.D.S., Dentist  
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Hours 9 to 5.  
Office telephone 222 | Residence  
House 1129 | 423 Sherbourne.

One loaf of bread may be light, sweet and digestible. You may use the same materials for another and have it heavy, sour and soggy. The knack is in putting the ingredients together just right. A substitute for Scott's Emulsion may have the same ingredients and yet not be a perfect substitute, for no one knows how to put the parts together as we do. The secret of "how" is our business—twenty-five years of experience has taught us the best way.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and \$1.00.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

## THOS. DAVIES & CO.

BROKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS

Bonds, Stocks, Mining Shares and Real Estate

bought and sold on commission.

INSURANCE EFFECTED

WE HAVE BARGAINS

In Mining Claims, Residential and Central Toronto Properties, for sale or exchange.

1 TORONTO STREET

## A. E. AMES & CO.

Bankers and Brokers

STOCKS bought and sold on commission.

DEBITMENTS—Municipal, Railway and Industrial Co.—bought and sold on commission or otherwise.

DEPOSITS received at 4% interest, subject to cheque on demand.

MONEY TO LEND on stock and bond collateral.

DRAFTS issued payable at par in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

10 King Street West, Toronto

## BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINES

We have for sale stock in all the working mines in the district, viz.: Le Roi, War Eagle, Iron Mask, Josie, Jumbo, St. Elmo, Virginia, Crown Point, Monte Christo, Cariboo, Monarch, MAYFLOWER, &c. Prospectus of the latter and printed information about other mines will be sent on application. The stocks we sell are the BEST in the market, and are only those of developed properties. Address, SAWYER, MURPHY & CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto.

## H. STONE & SON

(DAN'L STONE) UNDERTAKERS

Telephone 931 Yonge and Ann Streets

## J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer

359 Yonge Street TELEPHONE 679

Sold by all Druggists—25c.  
HARGREAVES BROS., Agents



IVOIRE  
TOOTH WASH  
AN ELEGANT ANTISEPTIC  
TO PRESERVE, CLEANSE  
BEAUTIFY & PERFUME  
PARIS

Sold by all Druggists—25c.  
HARGREAVES BROS., Agents

Best in Every Particular



CONVIDO  
WINE  
ESTABLISHED 1870  
BOTTLED BY WARRE & CO. OPORTO

Sold by Michie & Co., J. C. Moor, G. W. Cooley, T. H. George, F. Giles, Rossin House Grocery, Wholesale at Adams & Burns' and Eichorn & Carpenter's.

H. CORRY, Belleville  
Sole Agent for Canada.



## QUEER CORNER

Answers to the word-making exercise given last week may vary a little, as twenty-four is not the extreme limit of possible words. This is the author's list: A-a-tion, a-lin-er, a-re-a, con, con-nat-u-ral, con-sid-er-a-tion, cor-ral, de-i-ty, I, i-de-a, i-de-al-ist, lin-e-al-i-ty, lin-e-ate, lin-er, nat-ty, nat-u-ral-ness, po-a, po-tion, pre-sid-er, re-al-ness, re-con-sid-er, re-sid-er, sid-er-al, su-ral. The best list, of course, is that which, while giving only words in good usage, varies most from the syllable combinations of the given words.

### NEWSPAPER PASSES.

At a meeting of the Western Railway Company, says the *Paris Figaro*, one of the lady shareholders complained of the free passes given to journalists. The president said that, estimated on the basis of kilometrage traversed, the papers had in 1896 secured passes worth 333,000f. On the other hand, they had gratuitously inserted 46,811 advertisements, worth, according to the customary newspaper rates, 1,634,000f.

### SIXTY YEARS MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eady, sr., of Horton, near Renfrew, Ont., celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding a couple of weeks ago. According to the *Renfrew Mercury*, they have seven children, fifty grandchildren and thirty-one great-grandchildren, and for nearly sixty years have resided on the farm now occupied by them. Mr. Eady has been an active Orangeman for sixty-two years.

### WHY THEY LOOK BLUE.

Last fall a piece of mining property in the Lake of the Woods District was offered to a development company in Toronto for \$500, but on the advice of an expert the offer was declined. Mr. C. Markell of Duluth, about ten days ago, sold that bit of mining property for \$70,000.

### A RUBBER FAMINE.

A rubber famine is threatened. It seems that the India rubber trees of southern countries are being quite depleted—there being exercised none of that care which is necessary to make the supply equal to the great demand made for rubber. English capitalists are therefore going into Mexico to grow rubber trees, and see profits of not less than 300 per cent. in cultivating the species of rubber plant native to Mexico.

### ITS READERS ARE CRAZY.

Canada can boast of the queerest paper, perhaps, in the world. It is the *Lancaster Argus*, which is printed each month in the asylum for the insane at St. John, New Brunswick. Every article in the paper is written by a lunatic, the editor is a lunatic, the type is set by lunatics and the pressman is a lunatic. No newspaper office is complete without this valuable exchange.

### FOREIGN CATS.

The picture here given of a Portuguese cat is intended to illustrate a peculiar fact, viz., that the cats of various countries differ in appearance as much as the people of those countries. Louis Wain, the celebrated cat painter, brings



Portuguese Cat.

this out in his drawings. In some countries cats are short-legged and shaggy, in others long-limbed and short-haired. Even as between Great Britain and Canada there is a great difference in cats, ours being much more gaunt and rangy than the English tabby.

### BULLY FOR THE MARQUIS.

The Marquis of Bute, to celebrate his silver wedding, wrote the town council of Cardiff, offering to place in the hands of the municipality \$1,000, the interest of which is to be devoted each year to paying the wedding expenses of some girl whose wedding might be impeded for lack of funds.

### TITLED SHOP-LIFTERS.

Cases of shop-lifting are becoming very frequent in Toronto and the police are surprised at the well dressed and apparently educated and respectable women among the offenders. But according to the annual police reports recently published by the French Government, there were last year arrested in Paris as shop-lifters and kleptomaniacs an English duchess, the daughter of a reigning sovereign, and at least half a dozen Russian princesses, as well as a number of other titled women.

### THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

Up to 1870 there had been entered about three hundred cycle patents in the United States. Since then over four thousand cycle patents have been issued. Nearly half of these have been granted since 1890. In 1890 one assistant examiner of patents was able to handle all such applications; now there are eight men engaged in the work, and even with this staff there have been of late about one thousand applications constantly on hand awaiting action.

### CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

The principal of the Arnprior Public School has been fined two dollars and costs by a magistrate for applying a strap too vigorously to a boy who played truant almost continuously. The teacher was no doubt wrong, but the boy and the boy's father will also be considered wrong.

### SOME POINTS.

Six million human bodies have been interred in the "cemetery" at Rome. It is the most extensive in the world.

About 865 tons of gold are estimated to be in actual circulation as money in the United Kingdom, that being approximately the weight of £110,000,000 sterling.

Herr Frederick Alfred Krupp is the largest employer of labor in the world. On the payroll of the great Krupp establishment are more than twenty-five thousand men.



Tourist (who has just given Pat a drink from his flask)—That's a drop of good whisky—eh, Pat? Pat—Faith, ye may well say that, sorr. Shure, it wint down my throat loike a torchlight procession!—Punch.

### The Queen's Choristers.

BOYS are not, as a rule, given to being proud of their clothes, but a lad whose Sunday suit costs two hundred dollars, and is of so striking a character that it is not considered safe for him to go out walking in it alone, might perhaps be excused for being a trifle lifted up.

There are ten boys in London who are thus expensively and brilliantly habited every Sunday, and on state occasions beside. They are the ten choristers belonging to Her Majesty's private chapel in St. James's Palace, and truly gorgeous they are when arrayed in their "state suits."

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of the costume, and bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adorning of it. Grandest of all, old-lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists; but these are so valuable and difficult to replace that it has to be a special occasion on which they are donned, white lawn bands being substituted as a rule. A boy has to take care of his state suit, for it must last him three years, while his undress suit is replaced every eight months.

The choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, is one of the historical institutions of England, and many of its old-time customs—including the dress of the boys—are retained to this day. It has numbered among its singers Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the veteran organist of the Temple Church, and many other famous English musicians.

Some curious customs, peculiar to St. James's choristers, are mentioned by Mr. F. Klickmann in the *Strand Musical Magazine*. The most interesting of these, perhaps, is the right of the head boy to demand one guinea, as "spur money," from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It is said that when Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come to the chapel in his spurs, in order to have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.

A new boy at St. James's has some of the same sort of experiences that come to all new boys, only from the nature of things his mistakes are apt to be a little more laughable.

"That seems to be a nice old gentleman," remarked one such new-comer to an older boy, as the two stood in a corridor after the service and were greeted with, "A Happy New Year to you, my lads," by the old gentleman in question.

"A nice old gentleman, indeed! Don't you know who he is?" was the response. "Well, you must be a greenhorn! I say, you fellows, he doesn't even know Mr. Gladstone!" and the nine waxed derisive over the mistake of the unlucky new boy.

This unfortunate wight still further impaired his reputation when, a few days later, he meekly enquired why they had all raised their hats to a certain officer whom they had passed on horseback in the street. The head boy merely ejaculated, "Who in the world does the duffer know, if he doesn't know the Prince of Wales?"

### With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing; that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

Mr. New Hub—What does it mean when a bride promises to obey? Mrs. New Hub—Simply that she prefers not to make a scene.—Puck.

Canada takes last place amongst the twelve leading countries of the world in regard to the relative rail mileage in proportion to its area. As regards the average speed of express trains Canada comes third.

Spats—I have been thinking of some present for my wife and have almost settled on a book, but I don't know the kind that appeal to women. Socrates—Try her with a cheque-book.—Pittsburg News.

"Your typewriter girl seems to be very ambitious," "She is; she has one great and powerful ambition." "What is it?" "She wants to get off earlier every afternoon."—Chicago Record.

"The porcupine has his good points," admitted the possum, "but he is an awful flatterer, you know." "Flatterer," echoed the

coon, blankly. "Yes; he is apt to send one away feeling awfully stuck up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a while ago and now she won't have anything to do with me. Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.—Scottish Nights.

"Ah, my good man," said the pious prelate to the profane man near him, "You should not so curse your fellows. Remember the church's admonition: 'Swear not at all.' " "Well, that's just what I do," responded the ungodly one. "I do not swear at all—only at those who bother me."—Toledo Commercial.

### Meet Me at Muller's

is a frequently heard expression on the city's streets. Muller's, nine King street west, is not only the most popular meeting place, but the most popular cigar and tobacco store in the city as well.

**\$19.500  
GIVEN  
AWAY  
IN BICYCLES AND  
WATCHES FOR  
SUNLIGHT  
SOAP  
WRAPPERS**

During the Year 1897.

For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to  
LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

HEALTH! REST! COMFORT!



## THE JACKSON SANATORIUM

Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y.

Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure, electricity administered by skilled attendants. A staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class. Superior cuisine directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking health or rest. Address—J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D., Secretary, Box 1897, Dansville, N. Y.

"Ear them say they want their tea  
an' want it quick."

—The Seven Seas.

## A Few Years Ago

good Tea was no doubt a luxury, but to-day

# LUDELLA

A delicious Ceylon Tea can be had from leading grocers in neat lead packages, at 25c., 40c., 50c. or 60c., black or mixed.



The  
LATEST...  
FRENCH  
SKIRTS

require a light interlining. Experience has taught us that silk and cloth skirts will not flare stylishly without this support, but don't buy the cheap, poor, imitation interlinings unless you want to spoil the set of the garment. The best dress-makers use only the genuine

### Fibre Chamois,

selecting No. 20 weight for this new skirt. They especially recommend Fibre Chamois for travelling gowns, as it prevents crushing and creasing in the folds, no matter how tightly or how long it is packed. Cut the interlining to fit each gore and stitch in with the seam—the illustrations of dress skirt turned wrong side out show the correct method. We recommend the Lip Waterproof Dress Bindings. Ask to see them. For sale at all Dry Goods and Trimming Establishments.

Free Skirt Pattern: Dressmakers who will mail us their business cards will receive the latest French skirt pattern free of charge.



Address:

Canadian Fibre Chamois Co.  
Montreal.

You will live to regret it,  
If you fail to read this

### "THE LIP"

The neatest, cleanest and most durable Dress Protector ever made. A Perfect Protector, Binding Extender and Facing combined. Non-infectious. Repels Germs. GIVES graceful folds, Conforms to any shape. NEVER fades, frays or becomes ragged. EASILY applied. No basting required. SANITARY and Waterproof. QUICKLY cleaned with sponge and brush. WILL not wear the shoe.

The Canadian Fibre Chamois Co.  
Manufacturers.

Be sure and ask your merchant for

AUTOMATIC DRESS  
FASTENER

The advantages are strength combined with ease. Saving of time and labor. Easily fixed in Bodice. Side-stays made of finest tempered material. Bodice fastened and unfastened in a moment. Far superior to the ordinary hook and eye. The fastenings are strongly made and warranted not to break. Finish guaranteed. To be had in Black.

### DENTISTRY.

DR. JOHN F. ROSS, Dentist  
Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Room 5, 2nd Floor  
Over Canadian Bank of Commerce. Telephone 4464

DR. HAROLD CLARK, DENTIST  
45 King St. W. (Over Hooper's Drug Store), TORONTO

### MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—Mr. & Mrs. Thos. J. R. Cook  
Graduates of West End Hospital, London, Eng.  
304 KING STREET WEST  
References from leading physicians. Phone 1286.

MASSAGE—MISS JENNER, graduate of Charing Cross Hospital, London, Eng., is open to all nursing engagements. Telephone 3810.  
Address—6 Glen Road.

### MEDICAL.

J. ADAMS, M.D., Homeopathic Consulting Physician and Medical Electrician. 12 St. Patrick St. Hours: 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Constitutional ailments. Diseases of long standing. Impaired nervous energy.

DR. E. M. COOK  
Throat and Lungs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Catarrh specially. 90 College street.

### INSURANCE.

FOUNDED A.D. 1710  
The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World  
**SUN FIRE**  
INSURANCE OFFICE, OF LONDON, ENGLAND  
Head Office, Canadian Branch - TORONTO  
H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.  
Surplus over capital and all other liabilities exceeds \$7,000,000  
HIGGINBOTHAM & LYON - Toronto Agents  
15 Wellington Street East  
Telephone 488

### PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1641

WHIRLWIND CARPET CLEANER  
Carpets Taken Up, Cleaned and Relaid.  
643 YONGE STREET  
R. P. POWELL, Proprietor.  
Phone 4405

### ...CREAM...

Whipping Cream Ice Cream  
Table Cream Devonshire Cream

A trial of our cream will convince any person that the price, considering the quality, is the lowest in city. Order early for Easter.

### The Kensington Dairy

Tel. 3910 453 Yonge Street

### Charming Spring Styles

New Stock, New Shapes, New Shades. Every sort of a shoe covering is to be found here. A visit here will help you decide just what you want to buy this spring for Walking, Riding, Bicycling or Golfing at moderate prices.

H. & C. BLANCHARD  
83 to 89 King Street East

THE STRAND CAFE, 8 Adelaide Street East. Nothing in stock for our friends and patrons but the choicest in liquors and cigars. Cozy smoking rooms and cafe. E. J. EVANS, Proprietor.

### DRESSMAKING.

MRS. J. PHILP  
Infants' Outfits from \$10.  
Ladies' Trousseau to order.  
Children's Dresses from 50c.  
Small Children's Clothing  
All kinds to order. 6 College Street

DRESSMAKING—  
No. 10 Washington Avenue  
6 doors east of Spadina Ave.  
MISS M. E. LAKEY  
Latest styles English, French and American. Evening Dresses and Trousseau specialties. Mourning orders promptly attended to.

## MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

Millinery and  
Dressmaking

41 King Street West

SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS  
75 King Street West, Toronto

Silk and Woollen Dyers, Scourers, &c.  
Goods sent for and returned. Telephone 2471.  
Oldest Dyeing establishment in city.

### The Wabash Railroad.

If you are contemplating a trip to the gold mining country, please consider the merits of the Wabash Railroad, the short and true route, via Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul, to all points in the Kootenay District. Passengers leaving Toronto morning a.m. trains reach St. Paul next day at noon, in time to make direct connections for all points in the gold fields. Quickest and best route to Hot Springs, Ark., Old Mexico, and all Pacific Coast points. Tickets and all information from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONES—Editorial Rooms, No. 582; Business Office, No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms: One Year, \$2.00; Six Months, \$1.00; Three Months, 50c.

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

Vol. X] TORONTO, APRIL 24, 1897 [No. 23]



## THE DRAMA

THAT no man is wholly bad and that every man must reap what he sows, these are the lessons of The Rogue's Comedy, played by Mr. Willard at the Grand this week. He also presented J. M. Barrie's delightful comedy, The Professor's Love Story, and Henry Arthur Jones's powerful drama, The Middleman, but these had been seen here before, while The Rogue's Comedy was new to us. As Mr. Bailey Prothero, clairvoyant, ex-card sharp and most suave of swindlers, Mr. Willard confirmed his reputation, if it needed confirmation. He proved himself the possessor of a genius in acting such as perhaps no other man possesses, for, consider how different, yet how finished, is his work in The Middleman, Judah, The Professor's Love Story, and The Rogue's Comedy. As a rule an actor peeps through his clothes, Sothern is delightful in his romantic comedies, but he is always Sothern—and I mention him because he is so popular in Toronto. Sir Henry Irving's oddities dominate every role he undertakes, for while he may make up with consummate art, yet through the veneer we have Irving and are conscious of him all the time. But Willard seems to thoroughly blend and assimilate with the part he is playing, and after seeing The Rogue's Comedy I surprised myself in the act of sighing because that such a man as Prothero had made such a fizzle of life and had turned his talents to so little account.

Henry Arthur Jones has developed into quite a playwright since he fashioned The Silver King with a broad axe. His recent work is marked by the most delicate traceries of emotion, and he could nowhere find a man to portray Prothero as Willard does. Yet much is due to Jones. The character of Mrs. Prothero is drawn, or rather suggested, with the most wonderful skill. She is not talkative. She does not cry over spilled milk. The time for noisy lamentations, because the current of her life has followed a certain course, was long past before the story opens in the first act. The author had the sense to accord this fact due weight without clumsily explaining it. Like any other middle-aged woman, Mrs. Prothero accepted her sphere of activity as a matter of course, and no longer expostulated with a husband who had pursued a line of conduct and lived by his wits for fifty years. Mrs. Prothero was the charming and useful assistant of her husband in his operations, and if she ever urged him to "give it up" she did so because she grew timid at the unusual daring of his plans. There may have been, there certainly must have been a time, when the wife tried to induce the husband to be honest, but that was long ago, and the drama had nothing to do with that period. Miss Olga Brandon acquitted herself with rare credit.

Mr. Bromley Davenport made a delightful Johnny (Sir Thomas Dovergreen). To those who condemn the stage and actors, I have sometimes pointed out that I had scarcely ever seen an actor who could pretend to be drunk and do the thing well. One night, in a pinch, assume that actors never get drunk and never see drunken men, they fail so utterly to portray the condition convincingly. Mr. Davenport, however, must be complimented upon having done it well. He played the drunken Johnny to perfection. His empty-headed joyousness while winning money on the tips given him by the clairvoyant was well done, but no better than his dejection when he had lost nearly everything and foresaw himself living for six or seven years in a poky little continental hotel on £150 per annum.

The play has a strong finish. George Lambert, a young lawyer, discovers that Prothero has a bad record and exposes him, but the development of the plot had shown that Lambert was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Prothero, and for a moment the Rogue seemed on the verge of retaliating by exposing the son's parentage. But his wife's hand touched his shoulder and jauntily he lied, saying that Lambert's father died at sea and had given him this ring, and he placed one of his rings on the son's hand. I really think the public would not have grieved if the prig of a son had been pulled off his high horse. But the parents, smiling and unregenerate, went their way, leaving the son in clover and rather proud of the manner in which he had exposed the pair of precious rogues.

Mr. Willard's Company is one of such merit and contains so many people of promise that I

here give the cast of characters in The Rogue's Comedy:

Mr. Bailey Prothero, a professed clairvoyant  
Lady Dovergreen, her sister, Miss Virginia Buchanan  
Sir Thomas Dovergreen, her son, Mr. H. G. Lonsdale  
Lord Bister, Mr. H. G. Lonsdale  
Lord John Bucklow, Mr. George Gaston  
George Lambert, a young lawyer, Mr. Oswald York  
Mr. Refell, Mr. Stewart Allen  
Mr. Sydenham, Mr. E. W. Thomas  
Mr. Hubbock, Mr. Earle Brown  
Mr. Chester, Mr. Charles Robinson  
Mrs. Refell, Miss Agnes Knights  
Miss Proye, Spinster, Miss Violet Armstrong  
Palmer, Mr. H. Barfoot  
Chubb, Mr. Brian Darley  
Mr. Robert Cushing, Mr. H. Cane

It seems to me that had The Great North-West been here earlier in the season it would have played to crowded houses. I have seen shows with less than a quarter of its strength and merit, with twice the audience that was at the Toronto on Tuesday night. The weather is a trifle too warm and the devotees of the bicycle too many to allow of bumper houses at this time of the year to anything short of a phenomenal attraction. The Great North-West is full of good points. The scene is laid in the North-Western States, which is a comparatively unbackneyed location for the scene of a melodrama, and one that affords new and interesting material. The plot is fresher than usual and the characters excellently drawn. There is a villain who is natural and sensible, and he does not wear a top-hat. Bart Foxwell is always perfectly cool, never rants nor hisses, nor shows his clenched teeth, and he wears a gray fedora, and no black villainish mustache—really a most refreshing change. Stella Cross, the villainous female character, is also a departure from the intense hollow-voiced woman who raves and waves her arms in a manner popularly associated with lunatics. Her description to Bart Foxwell in the first act of how she got Cap Sheaf into the toils was particularly good. The plot, while not startlingly new, is still exciting. There are a couple of love complications interwoven with the story of the accusation of Cap Sheaf with horse-stealing, his arrest, trial, attempted lynching, his fate hanging on the result of a poker game, his escape and final vindication.

There are a number of exciting spectacular effects such as live horses and steam-engines, prairie fires, blizzards, and revolving wind-mills. And last, the main factor and strength of the piece—the comedy. There is something infinitely superior in the true, natural portrayal of comical character, with its foibles and eccentricities, to what is found in a mere burlesque. Truth to human nature gives the true note to comedy and tragedy and makes all the difference between real humor and pathos and rubbishy nonsense and maudlin rot.

Those who missed The Great North-West probably missed the last good spectacular melodrama they are likely to see here this season, and they missed a "corker." In the jury scene one of the jurymen says with great earnestness, "Hoss stealing is a pretty serious business. If a man's wife is stole he can marry another. But when his hoss goes it becomes a serious pecuniary difficulty."

As I pointed out a couple of weeks ago, the announcement that Sir Henry Irving intended to play the part of Napoleon in Madame Sans-Gene fills one with wonder as to how the lean actor will transform himself to suit the popular conception of Napoleon. One can find little that accords in the features of the two men; the forehead, the eyes, the mouth, the chin—all



A CONTRAST.

Sir Henry Irving will appear as Napoleon.

are so widely different. Napoleon's face was short and full; Irving's is long and drawn. Only in the nose can one, studying the two profiles side by side, find a resemblance, and that not of a very pronounced character. But Sir Henry's limbs are even harder to manage—those limbs as seen in King Arthur can never be forgotten, nor does it seem possible that they could ever be disguised or so padded as to look right in such silk hose as Napoleon wore. But if Sir Henry can pad his forehead to give it the right angle, possibly he can also arrange his calves.

The theatrical situation at present in London is remarkable. There is such a demand for theaters by actors who have plays to produce that rents have gone up astonishingly—in some cases as much as one hundred per cent. It is possible that John Drew and Maude Adams may not be able to get a theater there this spring, and among the others who are in the same box are John Hare and Olga Nethersole.

The course of early summer comic opera which will open at the Toronto Opera House on Monday, May 3, is a stroke of enterprise on the part of Manager Small that should, and no doubt will, be heartily endorsed and rewarded by the amusement-loving public of Toronto. With a company like the Madison Square Opera Company putting on the best comic

operas at the low prices that always rule at the Toronto Opera House, there should be a large business done. Said Pasha will be put on during the first week, and will be followed by The Tar and the Tarter, Gypsy Baron, Erminie, Nanon, Ship Ahoy, Princess Bonnie, Little Tycoon and perhaps others. The company includes such well known people as Laura Moore, who was here two years ago with Frank Daniels; Lillian Carlsmith, who was here with Francis Willson in The Chieftan and proved the star singer; Henry Leoni, who originated Hassan Bay in Said Pasha; Albert Leech is the leading comedian, and associated with him in fun-making will be Frank David, who was in Toronto with John E. Henshaw a few weeks ago. Freddy Solomon will also come during Erminie week to sing his original part in that bright opera.

The latest Parisian celebrity who is coming to America is Cléo de Mérode. In Paris she was, up to a short time ago, nothing more in a professional way than a *figurante* at the Opera. But even there she attracted the attention of a king and set a fashion. She invariably wore her hair hanging down over her ears, and, with her classic profile, she made such a striking picture that not only was she a feature of the stage, but her *coiffure* was copied all over the world. More recently she has been appearing at some of the larger *cafés* concerts, and now she is coming to Koster & Bial's in New York. She is said to be the greatest stage beauty of the day.

Good humor and ready wit have proved the saving grace of many an Irish play. The latest effort in the field of Irish drama, The Boys of Kilkenny, is described as a play that will dispel dull care. It is said to be full of human nature, fun and excitement. Theatergoers who confess to a predilection for Irish drama will certainly have ample opportunity to indulge that fondness. The Boys of Kilkenny is announced for production here at the Toronto Opera House next week.

It is said that Henry Arthur Jones's new play, The Physician, was suggested by the Playfair-Kitson case, which shocked London society some months ago. The Physician in the play does not reveal to the woman the secret of her lover's infamy, but he is tempted to do so, and in the end the truth is revealed without his intervention.

Eleonora Duse has recovered from the surgical operation which she underwent in Vienna, and is now acting in Italy. Her success in Russia was very great, the average receipts at St. Petersburg being thirty-five hundred dollars a night.

Miss Marion Terry, a London actress, recently collected twenty-five hundred dollars damages from the *St. James's Budget* for having reported that she was about to marry her brother-in-law.

The Grand Opera House will, after this week, remain dark until the week of May 21, when The Geisha will return. LOGIE.

## The Canadian Girl.

ABOUT once a month it becomes the duty of SATURDAY NIGHT to defend the women of Canada from charges made against them in the papers of England and the United States—charges that they wear moccasins instead of shoes, or go armed in readiness for the wolves that are supposed to run in packs as they did fifty years ago. The San Francisco Argonaut in its last issue makes the latest reference to the women of Canada, but, on the whole, the article is rather appreciative.

The point where the Canadian girl differs from her American sister is a singularly elusive one. There is rarely anything of the timid, exotic strain about her. She is particularly famous for the conscientious manner in which she takes care of her health. The extreme rigor of the winters of Canada, coupled with the universal tendency to outdoor sports, compels her to recognize the necessity for careful clothing. When the call comes for it, she dons mittens, moccasins and fur caps, with chamol under-jackets and everything possible ever devised to keep up the fine circulation in her strong young limbs. When she goes golfing she wears a scarlet coat as much like her brother's as possible, and her bicycling costume is made first to serve the purpose of warmth and comfort, with what beauty left after these other essential qualities have been attended to. The hockey-shoe, for instance, is a good illustration of her willingness to sacrifice beauty for utility. The hockey-skate is perfectly straight and is secured to the boot, which is taken along and exchanged for the one worn—a short, clumsy boot, which would be trying to the prettiest of feet. Add to this a heavy hide ankle laced over the whole, which has a hole for the heel of the under shoe, and one can easily understand why the hockey girl's foot is not a thing of

HON. G. H. MURRAY,  
Premier of Nova Scotia.

beauty. It is impossible to think of the Canadian girl unassociated with her ever-present dog—or dogs, for she frequently owns several. All the creatures are fine big fellows, for the maiden of the north scorns the lap-dog. If there are any points of training and breeding which she does not have on her tongue's end, they are yet to be discovered. The sight of a strong, rosy young woman striding along in the frosty sunshine, with her great, brave dog beside her, is one of the most characteristic and inspiring sights in the country just north of the States.

## SPORTING COMMENT

AN amusing incident occurred down at the Seagram training quarters on Sunday afternoon last. A number of well known society people had driven and wheeled down to have a look at the horses, and the ladies of the party were delighted with the "beautiful horses." The upper halves of the stall doors were open to let the afternoon sun shine upon the thoroughbreds, who put out their heads and enjoyed the sun-bath. Some of the ladies stood before the stall of Farthing, greatly admiring her glossy coat. One of the ladies wore a magnificent Easter bonnet—one of those surmounted by a regular triumph, a perfect glory of flowers and ribbons. In the next stall stood Mussulman, a horse that has some reputation as a practical joker owing to the way he can bite the brass buttons off a man's coat, and so he craned his neck around and with one bite pulled off the entire decorations from that Easter bonnet. He left it as bald as the milliner had found it. Then he raised his head and blew the ribbons and feathers and flowers in a shower from his mouth. It is generally supposed that Mussulman disapproves of theater hats.

There is quite a bit of absurd talk about the action of the Massey Hall authorities in interfering to prevent the boxing bout at the Wanderers' Snoker. I do not think that there ever was a mi ute when there existed a ghost of a chance that Manager Snuckling would consent that a mill for an amateur championship should be fought out on the stage at Massey Hall. I happen to know that a very big figure was offered the Massey Hall people for the use of it on the day of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in order to announce the features of the battle as it progressed, but the offer was refused. This good city of Toronto, however, did not decline to rent the Pavilion for the purpose, and I am told that special wires were laid into the Ontario Parliament buildings so that the inhabitants thereof could get the story of the fight by rounds. It is rather hard for a newspaper to refuse to print what the occupants of Parliament buildings are so eager to know about, and Massey Hall loses money by being "respectable." Certainly a "couch-couchee" dance was shown on a screen at the Smoker, but the trustees and manager of Massey Hall could not be expected to know what such pictures would be like until they had seen them. Seeing them, they would naturally faint, and thus be unable to protest until afterwards.

An amusing thing occurred at the Smoker. Charlie Palmer of the Kensington not only composes songs, but sings a fine tenor. He secured that ludicrous song, I Love to See my Poor Old Mother Work, which made such a hit when The Lady Slavey was at the Grand, and sang it with great mock seriousness and wealth of perverted sentiment. The out-of-town wheelmen were clearly at a loss. Not being quite up to date in comic opera they didn't know how to take it, but finally became indignant and hissed. The song is described on the music sheets as "a gentle josh," and it joshed some of the visitors.

I read last week in an English paper an interesting article to the effect that the South Australian Cricket Association, with the object of finding new bowling talent, held a bowling competition last month. The conditions were that the judges be the six best exponents of the game in the colony, three to bat against each bowler over three separate wickets, and the other three to act as umpires, one at each wicket. The pair of judges at each wicket to decide on the relative value of each bowler by points, limited to ten; on the style of delivery, pitch, command of ball, pace, and work on the ball. Each pair of judges to be, and act, independent of the others, and points given not to be divulged until the contest is completed. The bowler obtaining the highest number of points from the combined judges to be the winner. Each bowler to bowl a certain number of balls

at each batsman, and to have a rest before bowling at the next wicket.

The annual meeting of the Western Football Association was held in Berlin last week. Several amendments to the Caledonia Cup competition rules were adopted, amongst them being one to the effect that picked teams from the two Toronto leagues, viz., the Toronto League and the Inter-College League, play off both Spring and Fall to decide which league shall send a team to compete with the Western Association for the Caledonia cup. In case of a draw between the Toronto leagues, the game will be given to the Toronto League in the Spring and the Inter-Collegiate in the Fall.

Baseball is on the boom at Toronto University, this spring, and two good nines will tour the province, beginning May 22. Manager Jack Counsell of the first team and Manager Pat Johnson of the second have been enthralling the students on baseball, and it is now the talk of the corridors. To-day 'Varsity will play Manager Maddock's Canadian League team on the lawn, and a sharp game is expected, notwithstanding the fact that the University men got the worst of the last game. A lot of men are working hard at practice for places in the team. Frank McDermott of St. Michael's College, who hails from Scranton and who was with the Hamilton team last year, is pitching in fine form. Art Hamilton, '95, B.A., LL.B., is another pitcher who has donned the 'Varsity uniform, and along with these two are Fred Barron, Joe McDougall (not he of Rugby fame), and one or two others, so that there is no lack of pitchers, if they can only make the ball twirl the right way at the right time. The catchers are Bruce French, '97, and Gunn. McNichol, '96, will cover first base, with Elliott, '98 (Dental), who hails from Galt, where baseball grows wild, as an able understudy. Tiny Counsell will play second base this year, and Fred Barron (Capt.) will play third when he is not pitching. Grier, '98, will play short-stop, and in view of his work with the Red Stockings last year he is recognized as one of the best men in the team. The outfielders will be Dean, the well known Parkdale cricketer, Jack Hobbs and one of the pitchers. When the exams are over several new players will join in practice and there may be changes in the outfield. Count Armour, '98, is captain of the second nine. Although 'Varsity was beaten by Maddock's team on Good Friday, some of the best men were absent, notably McDermott, the pitcher, who declined to play on a religious holiday. A grand stand is to be ready on the lawn for the match to-day. Marr Phillips will start coaching the team next week. The proposed tour of the Eastern States has been abandoned, but 'Varsity will play in some of the leading Ontario towns instead, the tour being arranged as follows: May 24, St. Thomas (two games); London, Stratford, Petrolia, Point Edward, Detroit Athletic Club, Ann Arbor, Chatham, Goderich, Seaford, Stratford, Berlin, Guelph and Hamilton. This tour will last two weeks. 'Varsity II. will probably go east, playing Whitby, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Trenton, Belleville, Peterboro, Lindsay, Orillia, Barrie, Newmarket and Aurora. Both teams will play a number of games in Toronto before the tour begins.

The 'Varsity Lacrosse Club expects to have some good sport this season. A number of new players are out for practice every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at five o'clock, and among them are such well known players of last year as Jackson, Cooper, Snell, Bilton, McKinnon and others. The tour this year will open on May 31 against the Crescents of Brooklyn, although there is a possibility that the team will play Harvard before that date. 'Varsity will play Lehigh University on June 2, and on following days will play the Druids of Baltimore, Maryland Athletic Club of Baltimore, and Fairmount Athletic Club of New Jersey. Some further games may be arranged. Before the tour 'Varsity will try conclusions with Osgoode Hall, a team that looks pretty strong on paper and may give 'Varsity a hard tussle.

The Owen Sound Cricket Club held its annual meeting last week and arrangements were made for a very active season. The club will, I am told, have one of the very finest grounds in the province this year, and is anxious to hear from cricket clubs that will play home and home games. The secretary of the club is Mr. W. M. Telford. It would be in the interests of cricket if either the Parkdale or Rosedale club, in making its annual tour, should decide to visit the Owen Sound district. A nice tour could be arranged thus: Go to Owen Sound on a Saturday and play the local club on the Monday following; then drive over and play Durham on Tuesday, Harriston on Wednesday, Listowel on Thursday, Clinton on Friday, and Berlin or Guelph on Saturday, and then home. THE UMPIRE.

## A Powerful Argument.

Hamilton Herald.  
The Toronto News has invented a new argument against Sunday cars. It is this: A woman with a cross baby is likely to stay at home if there are no cars running on Sunday; if cars were run on Sunday, that woman would probably take her cross baby for a trip across town to visit some relative who has no cross baby, and thus destroy the Sabbath peace of that household. This argument may be termed the infantile argument.

## In the Watches of the Night.

He—I wish I had a gun. Evidently that cat thinks he can sing.  
She (drowsily)—Very likely. He ate the canary this morning.

Bibman—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor? Magley—Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards? Maid—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better too.

"You say you have brought me here to propose to me, but why do you want to go through it so deliberately?" "Well, you see, I've got a friend in the kinetoscope line over there behind that tree, and I promised him to make the movements slow and distinct. Now, all ready!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



MR. E. S. WILLARD.



**Education Life Assembly Hall**  
**Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.**  
 IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR  
**Dances, Banquets**  
**Assemblies, Lectures**  
**Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.**  
 Accommodation in connection with the above  
 is the highest order, heated by steam and  
 by Electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans;  
 Dining-room and Kitchen with range. Also  
 a dressing-room on the same floor.  
 Full particulars apply to  
**A. M. CAMPBELL**  
 Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

part is  
anniv-  
date  
miles  
Its  
rela-  
and re-  
of the  
on the  
spring  
our in-  
people  
The  
A Ro-  
On Re-  
hand,  
as the  
cap ga-  
D  
This w  
Kinsai  
feat of  
by K  
the c  
and c  
during  
Louis  
nobles  
mitted  
cover  
upon  
estate  
took o  
have  
When  
treaty  
brimmi  
no lon  
The  
ages,  
Daniel  
Shadr  
reliefs  
first fo  
a grim  
that ho  
The  
the th  
All the  
protect  
cold, th  
as we  
rons,  
which  
was b  
the Sc  
hats of  
rays.  
" WE  
tall, wi  
defy the  
dom?"  
M. I.  
Blanc  
without  
artists  
driical  
last rel  
whole  
lasting  
The las  
have a  
Unde  
pound  
journey  
observ  
peace  
carries  
Those  
in cloth  
Felt an  
identifi  
certain  
human  
opposit  
ruler for  
The f  
conical  
the sha  
the Ro  
manner  
collette  
myself  
of a la  
What i  
ness,  
people.  
painted  
artist w  
what.  
The  
betwee  
recent  
spak ver  
of the  
self-ass  
becomi  
as we  
felt an  
The  
early,  
soldier  
with ir  
Henry  
I sav  
Henry



### The Tale of the Hat.

THE evolution of the silk hat is also the story of religion, manners and morals. As the emblem of our Western civilization, the French, who have borne so conspicuous a part in its story, consider it worthy a centennial anniversary. But its introduction in 1797, the date finally decided upon, is after all only a milestone in its progress.

Its origin lies in the roots of things. The relation of the hat to affairs—civil, military and religious—is accounted for by the relation of the head to the rest of the body. Keeping on the hat as an assumption of superiority springs, as the metaphysicians would say, from our innate ideas, since it is practiced by all peoples.

The Christian takes off his hat in homage. A Roman slave received a cap when set free. On Roman coins Liberty holds a cap in her hand. After Nero's death the people wore caps as the emblem of their emancipation. Gessler's cap gave freedom to Switzerland.

De Courcy walks with hat and plume. This was the distinction granted to the earls of Kinsale, for some feat of prowess, by King John. At the convocation of the king, nobles, and commoners, during the reign of Louis XVI., the nobles were permitted to remain covered, whereupon the third estate took off its hat. Seeing this the king took off his hat, that the commoners should have the air of equality with the nobles.

When William Penn wished to conclude a treaty with the Indians he put on his broad-brimmed hat, and the simple natives hesitated no longer, but with awe inscribed their marks. The beginnings of hats are in the mists of ages. The first mention in literature is in Daniel III., wherein is related how young Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego wore their hats into the fiery furnace. According to bas-reliefs antedating the Scripture narrative, the first form of the hat was a skull crown without a brim. As someone says, "When Paris ogled the goddesses on Mount Ida, who would believe that he wore a night-cap?"

The shape seems to have been suggested by the thatch that nature impartially bestows. All the evidence goes to show that it was for protection from the heat, rather than from the cold, that the hat was first worn. For the hat, as we conceive it, we must look to the Southrons. The Jewish hat, the tall cylindrical hat, which is the direct progenitor of the silk hat, was built with that intent. The Parthians, the Scythians, the Armenians, wore similar hats of varnished cloth that threw off the sun's rays. For the same reason Mohammed wore a tall, white hat. The Parsees and the Buddhists wore hats of like construction.

"When will come some William Tell to defy the silk hat and free us from its martyrdom?" exclaims a writer in *Chambers's Journal*. In one of his latest discourses Charles Blanc said: "Our tubular hats on which our artists cast their withering scorn, those hats without front, without back, and whose cylindrical shape is altogether at variance with the spherical form of the head, are assuredly the last relic of barbarism; and yet we must not be astonished if their use spreads over the whole world, for nothing has more chance of lasting success than ugliness and absurdity." The last sentence is significant. The Japanese have almost formally adopted the chimney-pot.

Under the sweltering sun of India that compound of shellac, linen and silk has found a home. Missionaries report that a tall hat first satisfied the mind of the heathen awakening to the propriety of being clothed. The merchant service testifies that in the remotest isles of the South Seas it penetrates with the ease of whisky and tobacco; and no one who has journeyed over our western plains fails to observe that the stove-pipe is now the pipe of peace that the friendly and aspiring Indian carries to the station when the train rolls by.

Those ethical qualities that Carlisle discovered in clothes are found in the materials of hats. Felt and beaver, or its latest substitutes, are identified with the two ranks into which the human family falls when once entered into a certain state of civilization—ranks always in opposition, but occasionally changing places—ruler and ruled. Felt stands for democracy, silk for aristocracy.

The first hat was of felt, its form a skull-cap, conical, with the apex falling over. This was the shape of the Phrygian cap, the *bonnet Grec*, the Roman cap, which in a more memorable manner became the *bonnet rouge* of the *sans-culotte*. We have a revolutionary right in it ourselves, as the lady who ornaments our silver coinage testifies. It is now the head-covering of a large part of the peasantry of Europe. What it loses in dignity it gains in picturesqueness. Art ranges itself on the side of the people. The Normandy bonnet is probably painted several thousands of times a year. An artist would laugh to be asked to paint a silk hat.

The latest active form that the antagonism between hats and caps has assumed was in the recent *Bulgarian* and *Armenian* difficulty, *kakpak* versus *fez*. The *kakpak* is the modification of the ugly Russian hat, and was roused to self-assertion by the fondness for the natty, becoming *fez*. The continued antagonism between Russia and Turkey has been described as the persistent contest between the *fez* of felt and the Russian chimney-pot.

The devotion of the English to beaver was early, and has been constant. The English soldiers used to wear their beaver hats lined with iron into battle. In Shakespeare's King Henry IV., does not Sir Richard Vernon exclaim, "I saw young Harry, with his beaver on," Henry VIII. had a famous hat of scarlet beaver,

which it is painful to think upon when worn with his sandy hair and complexion.

The advent of Vandyke to the court of Charles I. introduced the low-brimmed hat of the Low Countries. The Vandyke hat is, in fact, the Spanish hat of Charles VII. and Philip II. It is more remotely the hat of the Spanish priest, which, according to Berthelmer, "leaves the ears of the priest free that he may hear everything, but which throws his face into shadow that he may appear not to see."

The Spanish did indeed have a flap that could be lowered to serve as a mask. No more graceful head covering was ever evolved than that which prevailed during the reign of the two Charleses. Aside from its first duty as a head covering, and in addition to its picturesqueness, it acted as a frame for the face, setting forth the living, speaking image. The art of the day perpetuates its graceful manifestations. The portrait of Rubens by himself gives its perfect form. The men were so pleased with their hats that they wore them in the house. Pepys writes, "Got a severe cold because I took my hat off at dinner."

Louis XIV. changed the shape by putting feathers around the brim. To feathers succeeded lace. But a new era was dawning. The flowing and gracious character of the dress of the Stuarts was changing to something more convenient, lighter, and more compact. The military spirit was abroad. That campaign in Flanders marked an epoch. The fierce little hat of Marlborough set the fashion on the field of Ramillies. The "Ramillies cock" became as famous as the Bernhardt glove and the Langtry bustle. Young bucks vied with one another in giving original cocks to their hats. Coked hats were the sign of gentility. They were the occasion of the liveliest extravagance. The jewels that buttoned up the side cost thousands of pounds. The coked hat touched its most hideous and illogical period during the reign of the Georges, when the flaps were so turned down that they made water-spouts, of which one poured directly down the back. On the other hand, the "chapeau a trois cornes" of the French was a model of lightness and elegance.

But its place was soon to be taken by the most famous hat the world has ever known, the coked hat of Napoleon I., the "chapeau bras," which in art and history shares the trials and triumphs of the great captain, and was borne on his coffin to his tomb. The French Revolution, however, finally disposed of the coked hats of all periods. They are no longer worn except by foreign footmen. The "chapeau rond" was the successor of the coked hat. From that it is clearly distinguished as peace from war, commons from nobles. It is the descendant of the sugar loaf worn early in the reign of Charles I., and which was a modification of the Tudor hat, long under fashionable eclipse. As a low round hat it was worn by the common people. At length Sir Joshua Reynolds discovered picturesqueness in its slouch. But it was Benjamin Franklin who bore it to distinction at the court of France. Vainly monarchs leveled at it the royal ukase. Among the nations it is still the American hat—that is to say, the hat of the people. It is not received into good society elsewhere, although, in the form of the luxurious sombrero, as worn by the Wild West Show, it is petted and tolerated as other of the spoiled children of the plains.

But the "chapeau rond" did not provide sufficient distinction for the dandies of the Revolution. The tall, cylindrical hat became the badge of the Incroyable. Since that time, whether as the broad, flat hat of coaching days, or the bell-crowned hat of later times, it is the hat of the man who thinks well of himself and who wishes others to think well of him, though to very few it is becoming. Formerly it was worn on the back of the head, as it is still said to be by geniuses.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

### Mostly a Native.

This canny Scotchman showed a commendable readiness to give credit where it justly belonged. His local attachments were likely to lead to complications, but all claims upon his loyalty could easily be tested by the scales.

"You are a native of this parish?" asked a sheriff of a Scotch witness, who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Maistly, yer honor," was the reply.

"I mean, were you born in this parish?"

"Nae, yer honor; I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maist a native for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean?" said the sheriff.

"Nae, sir; I'm just here about sax year noo."

"Then how are you nearly a native?"

"Weel, ye see, when I cam' here, sax year sin', I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm fully seventeen stane noo; sae ye see that about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, an' the ither eight comes frae Camlachie."

Cynic—I can't see why a man who is happy when single should ever marry. Friend—He never does.—Puck.

"How that bald Mr. Skinner does perspire!" "Yes; he keeps his office boy doing nothing else but using a blotting-pad on his head."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—Miss Bellacour claims to belong to a very old family. She—Well, she's justified. There are six of those girls, and the youngest of them must be at least thirty-five.—Cleveland Leader.

The Farmer's Wife—Would you be willing to saw some wood for your breakfast? Fluent Fontleroy—It would be useless, madam. My teeth are not as good as they once were.—Cornell Widow.

First Detective—How did you know he was from Chicago? Second Detective—By his accent. First Detective—But you said he didn't speak to anyone. Second Detective—I overheard him eating a piece of pie.—Truth.

### Genius and Old Age.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine*, in an article on the Age of Genius, tends to disprove the assertion that brain power is incompatible with health. Once we were told that if we wished to become octogenarians, we must lay aside ambition. We must be careful in our diet and temperate in our wishes. We must wait upon our bodies, and as much as possible keep the mind out of sight. In order to disprove that counsel, we have only to turn from empty words to solid fact.

First, to take the great men celebrated in war and conquest, since theirs also is a species of genius, is to find the list headed with Xenophon, Demouriez and Wellington at eighty-six, eighty-four and eighty-three. Thence it continues to Charlemagne at seventy-one. From him the numbers decline, though not hastily, to Napoleon at fifty-one and, lowest of all, Alexander the Great at thirty-two. Nearly sixty per cent. of warriors chosen at random reached the Biblical standard of threescore and ten.

Then, beginning with the great names of statecraft, there are Franklin and Talleyrand, both at eighty-four, Palmerston at eighty-one and Washington at sixty-seven, with the list keeping well up over the fifties, and at the end slowly falling to forty-two. This is imposing, especially if we add Gladstone and Bismarck, both well over their eightieth year.

Science and philosophy begin with Humboldt at eighty-nine, and furnish an imposing list of men whose brains were worked to the fullest extent, and of whom no less than sixty-three per cent. completed their seventy years.

In short, almost one-half the greatest geniuses the world has yet seen have attained the age of seventy years. Let no one be deterred from becoming a genius by the fear of early death!

### He Told the Truth.

Father—So you were strapped at school today, Willie. Why was that? Willie—For telling the truth, father.

Father—For telling the truth! You would not be punished for telling the truth.

Willie—But I was. It was like this: Teacher was telling us about Easter eggs. She drew some eggs on the blackboard, and when she had left the room I wrote beneath them: "The hen that laid these eggs was no spring chicken."

### Not Exactly.

Chicago Record.

"I suppose your daughter is just like mine—rather ride a wheel than eat?" "Not exactly; but she would rather ride a wheel than cook."

Stern Father—I hear you were out gambling last night. Is it true? Gay Youth—No, sir; I was ahead.—New York Journal.

"Mrs. Chink has hit on a plan to keep her husband from smoking in the parlor." "What did she do?" "She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."—Chicago Record.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," quoted the earnest man. "True," replied Senator Sorghum; "but, in many cases, not until after the referee has counted ten."—Washington Star.

"And are the divorce laws so very liberal in your section?" "Liberal? Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."—Detroit Journal.

Bachelor—Do you think a man will have bad luck if he gets married on Friday? Beneficent—Oh, I don't think it makes any difference whether it's Friday or not.—Yonkers Statesman.

### "HE HATH THE FALLING SICKNESS."

—Shakespeare.

Epilepsy or the "Falling Sickness" has been known for many centuries, and for as long a period of time no cure has been discovered, till Ryckman's Kootenay Cure came upon the scene and revolutionized the healing art. Julius Caesar, one of the greatest men of ancient times, was a victim to it, and no physician of his day could effect a cure. Napoleon, the greatest warrior of modern times, fell a prey to it, and among all his conquering hosts there was not one that could conquer this insidious disease.

But here is Samuel Duffin, residing in the Township of West Nissouri, eight miles from the City of London, who makes a sworn statement before a Notary Public, that about eight years ago he had a paralytic stroke, and has ever since been subject to Epileptic Fits, which came upon him so often that it was unsafe for him to be left alone. He was treated by five of the best physicians in the province, and spent hundreds of dollars, to no avail, in endeavoring to get relief. Then he tried Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient. Note the change.

"I have taken between three and four bottles." "I have now a good appetite, sleep well every night, and best of all, the fits have almost entirely left me." "My friends see a change in my appearance, and ask me what I have been doing, I gladly tell them I have been taking Kootenay. My general health is wonderfully improved, and I certainly feel, after twelve years of terrible suffering, I have been given a new lease of life by Kootenay Cure, the Greatest Medicine of the Age."

The price of Kootenay Cure is \$1.50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application. One bottle lasts over a month.

### BEAUTY

Ladies all over the world express daily their gratification at the grand results obtained by the use of Dr. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS & FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP, the only real true beautifiers in the world. Guaranteed perfect in their action. They remove permanently all facial disfigurements, such as Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Redness, Oiliness, Sunburn, Tan, and Eczema. Wafers, by mail, 50c. and \$1.00 per box, 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. per cake. Address all orders to H. B. FOUL, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

LYMAN BROS. & CO., Wholesale Agents 71 Front Street East, Toronto



### THE ALE AND PORTER

JOHN LABATT

LONDON, CAN.

Received MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS awarded on this Continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893

JAS. GOOD & CO. 220 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

R. H. LABATT 18 HUGHSON ST. S., HAMILTON



### SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

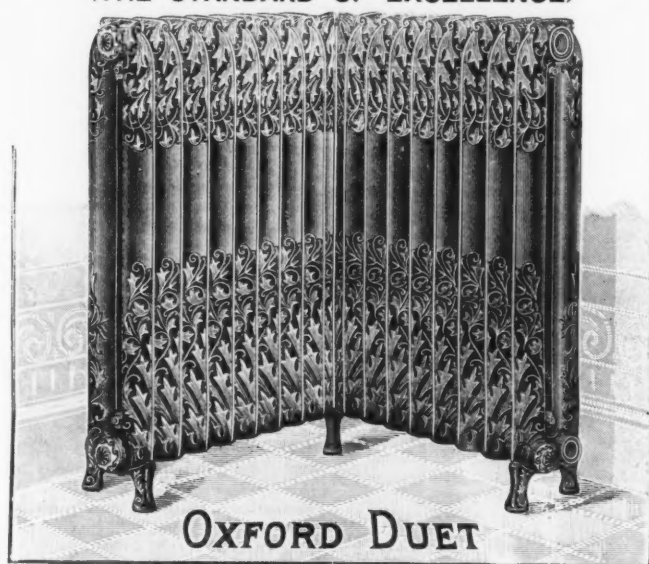
### CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

### Oxford Radiators

(THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE)



Oxford DUET

WILL BE USED THROUGHOUT THE

...TEMPLE BUILDING...

THE NEW HOME OF THE

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Corner Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto

The Highest Office Building in Canada

Manufactured by The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Ltd., TORONTO

RAISE YOUR HOT BISCUITS, CAKES, ETC., WITH

### Dunn's Malted Leaven

IT IMPARTS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

EVERYONE CAN DICEST HOT BISCUITS MADE WITH IT

### Roughly Silenced.

Archbishop Whately had a rough tongue—he was called *Ursa Major*—the Great Bear—at Oxford—a fact unknown to a young aide-de-camp who at a party in Dublin Castle attempted to cross swords with the prelate.

Approaching the Primate of Ireland, the youth asked, "Does your grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?"

"No," was the grave answer.

Then the youth went on, "An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his breast."

"Very good," said the archbishop. "Now will you tell me what is the difference between a young aide-de-camp, like yourself, and an ass?"

"I don't know," said the youth.

"Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away.

### Science in the Kitchen.

It is a good rule to keep one's ears open, but not without remembering the Scripture injunction about taking heed how we hear. A story in the *Westminster Gazette* enforces the same caution.

Two or three mornings after the arrival of a new butler the mistress of the house asked the cook how she liked her new fellow-servant. The report was an excellent one.

"In fact, ma'am," said the cook, "the servants' hall is quite a different place now."

Not unnaturally the mistress pressed for further particulars.

"Well, he talks so cleverly," said the cook. "Last night, for instance, he explained things to us for an hour and a half."

"Explained things—what things?" said the mistress, now really interested.

"Well," was the reply, "he was telling us how we are all descended from Mr. Darwin."



You find all the good qualities and none of the bad baking powder qualities in . . .

PURE GOLD

### WHEN ILL Steuben Sanitarium

Hornellville, N. Y.

Send for free illustrated brochure and personal references from your own vicinity.

Barnes Torner—Talk about your frosts! Why, a boy came down from the gallery and wanted his money back because he was afraid to stay alone.—Life.



## Music.

At the Hamilton Music School, of which Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, B.A., is principal, a competition was held on April 13, open to all the pupils who prepared a composition entirely by themselves without the aid of a teacher. Nine presented themselves with the following pieces: Mendelssohn's Variations in E flat—Miss M. Locke; Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte*, No. 7—Miss Jernyn; Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte*, No. 14—Miss E. Abbott; Chopin, Nocturne in B, op. 9, No. 2—Miss Troup; Chopin, Nocturne in F Minor—Miss O'Neill; Moszkowski, Serenata—Miss Pointer; Leybach, Fifth Nocturne—Miss B. Evel; Silas, Rigaudon—Miss C. Balfour; Kuhlau, Rondo (Figaro)—Miss G. Chadwick. The competition was conceived in order to encourage the students in the cultivation of self-confidence in home work. Mr. W. E. Fairclough of Toronto was the examiner and judge, and awarded the prize to Miss Troup for a most excellent and artistic performance of the Chopin Nocturne. Miss Locke was a very close second with a musicianly interpretation of Mendelssohn's Variations. The idea embodied in the above test is a most excellent one and deserves to be widely imitated.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Ernest E. Leigh and some of his advanced pupils gave a very successful recital of vocal and instrumental music in the Guild hall. The names of those taking part were as follows: Misses Hendry, Forbes, Westcott, Cranston, Levack and Pargeter, Messrs. John Levack, James Levack, Leigh and Harrison. Of the many excellent numbers given, special mention might be made of Miss Westcott's singing of Ganz's Sing Sweet Bird, and Mr. John Levack's rendering of I Seek for Thee in Every Flower, by the same composer. Mr. Leigh's brilliant tenor voice was heard to advantage in Pissuti's If, and Clay's I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby. The piano solos of Miss Cranston and Mr. James Levack were well played, the fine touch and singing tone being remarked by many. Mr. Leigh was heartily congratulated by many present upon the success of the recital, which gave proof of his skill as a teacher and his talent as a vocalist.

I have received from Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. a copy of Mr. T. C. Jeffers' new sacred aria, For He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee, which was sung from manuscript by Dr. Carl E. Duff at the last Thanksgiving Day concert given in Central Methodist Church, and concerning which local critics spoke in high terms of praise at the time. It is refreshing to receive for notice a work by a native composer which combines so much of genuine merit whether regarded from a purely technical or musical point of view. Mr. Jeffers has succeeded in treating his chosen text with a very attractive melody, which in turn is supported by a happily conceived accompaniment with a very cleverly developed rhythmic movement. The aria was originally composed as a part of Mr. Jeffers' setting of the ninety-first Psalm, which work was submitted by the composer at his final examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. at Toronto University.

Gounod's Redemption was produced in the Metropolitan church on Good Friday evening by the Jubilee Chorus of about one hundred and twenty voices, assisted by the following soloists: Mrs. J. N. McGann and Miss Susie Herson, sopranos; Miss L. Ruddell and Mrs. Forbes, contraltos; Messrs. W. H. Robinson and J. A. Vallory, tenors; Mr. Flint, baritone, and Mr. J. D. Richardson, bass. The accompaniments were played on the organ by Mr. Torrington, under whose direction the work was presented. There was a large attendance, and the oratorio was listened to with much interest throughout. More frequent hearing of the work, however, convinces one that it is not destined to occupy a very important or permanent place in the repertoire of works of its class. Therefore, of course, inspired passages here and there throughout the oratorio, but the real effect, it must be confessed, is labored and monotonous.

Canada has been remarkably free, as compared with England and the United States, from bogus degree conferrals. An English contemporary, however, in a recent issue has the following:

"Complaints reach us from Canada of the actions of persons who falsely pretend that they hold diplomas of the Royal College of Organists. Perhaps Canada is too far for the Council to reach these sham people, but, on application to the Registrar of the College, it can always be ascertained whether they hold diplomas or not, and then they can be exposed." It would be interesting to know who the pretenders are. Some time ago a rebuke was administered by the R.C.O. to a Canadian musician for unprofessional conduct in making unauthorized use of the name of the institution as an advertising dodge, but since then no cases have come to notice here in which resident musicians have been trading upon the name and fame of England's splendid examining body for organists.

The Georgetown Herald in referring to a recent concert in that town at which Miss E. Maidie Whitney, a pupil of Miss Norma Reynolds, took part, says: "Miss Whitney of Toronto appeared for the first time in Georgetown, and her first visit has fully established her reputation as a most promising vocalist. Each of her three selections, and a fourth as an encore, was rendered with the studied care and fine expression of an advanced student. Her graceful appearance and ease of execution immediately won the hearts of the audience, and the pathos, sweetness, and purity of tone in each selection give strong assurance of her future success as a soloist." I am informed that in a recent interview granted Miss Whitney by Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent basso spoke very kindly to her regarding her professional future.

The question of nationality in art or "America for the Americans" is still engaging the attention of many leading musicians across the border. To their credit it must be said that most of them resent the spirit of opposition which is being encouraged in some quarters against foreign music. The violent antagonisms and prejudices of some of our musicians against music of certain countries against which they

hold strong personal prejudices, are unworthy of any follower of the art. Generally such feelings are confined to the disgruntled few whose sympathies have been proven to be so narrow that they cannot see any good beyond the shade of their own umbrellas. What a source of grief it must be to such that they cannot make up their musical programmes without drawing upon the works of the hated foreigners!

"It is a little puzzling," says an English contemporary, in referring to the concerts at the Crystal Palace, London, "considering the undeniable growth of the class of music enthusiasts, that the concerts should be carried on at a loss, and that their end is now threatened unless better patronized by the general public. Is one reason to be found in the craze for golf, for cycling, for cricket and football,—an excessive devotion to which is said by some thinkers to be enfeebling the intellectual life of the nation and injuring the cultivation of the arts?" With reference to the above it may be said that concert managers, even in Canada, are realizing that the musical season has been shortened by fully two months (one month in autumn and one month in spring) through the existing and constantly increasing popularity of bicycling.

The Clara Schumann Ladies' Orchestra gave three concerts in Massey Hall on Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon and evening last. The organization, which is composed of twelve performers, played with remarkably good effect in a number of standard and popular concerted and solo compositions. Unfortunately the attendance at the concerts was not in keeping with the artistic merits of the young ladies' performances. Mr. Frank W. Keene, the musical director of the orchestra, showed himself to be a very competent leader and instructor, and several of the young ladies revealed a high order of talent and technical ability in their solo selections. The concerts on the whole were most thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

It is stated that the City Fathers of London, Eng., are growing weary of subsidizing the Guildhall School of Music, and intend for the future to make it pay its way. Nearly four thousand pupils now attend, for whose accommodation a new wing to the building on the Embankment is needed. There is trouble in the camp of the professors, who are threatened with reduced salaries in order to meet increased expenses. It is suggested to charge the students larger fees in order to make up the deficiency. One secret of the Guildhall School's phenomenal success appears to have been that the subsidy received from the city has enabled the authorities of this, the largest school of music in the world, to offer instruction at less than cost price.

Miss Butland's invitation piano recital takes place this afternoon at four o'clock in Nordheimer's recital hall, King street east. The programme will embrace Liszt's Polonaise in E major, Lucas' Welsh Rhapsody, Chopin's Berceuse op. 57, and pieces by Bach, Schumann, Chaminade and Henselt. Miss Butland, as will be remembered, was a former pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, under whom she graduated at the Toronto Conservatory of Music several years ago, gaining the gold medal awarded for the pupil securing highest standing in the competition. She has since spent two years in study under prominent masters in Germany. Mrs. Crowley, soprano, will assist.

The combined Methodist choir concert in Massey Hall on Monday evening last attracted, as usual, a very large audience. An enjoyable programme was rendered in which the following performers took part: Mrs. Gillies, Miss Ida McLean, Miss Macpherson, Miss Herson, the Trinity Male Quartette, composed of Messrs. J. M. Sherlock, George H. D. Lee, William F. Armstrong and J. E. Howitt; Mr. Fred Warrington and the band of the Q.O.R. under the direction of Mr. John Bayley. Godfrey's new patriotic song, The Land of the Maple, sung by Mr. Warrington and the combined choirs, aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

A correspondent expresses his approval of the growing interest which is being shown in music by prominent citizens in the organization and carrying out of private concerts as a novel and attractive method of entertaining friends. Not only has the idea much in itself to be commended on account of its refined and elevating character, but indirectly, as a means of tangibly recognizing the ability of resident professional artists, and in that manner aiding the good cause of music, my correspondent hopes that "the movement may develop until it assumes the proportions as a means of social entertainment which it has reached in some American cities."

From a certain journal devoted to the game of golf, the following is taken:

An enthusiastic golfer, residing not a hundred miles away from London, is also organist and choirmaster of a church near the links. He has a habit while playing of humming hymns and other music familiar to church goers, which is rather disconcerting. A stranger who had played with him asked the organist's caddy if Mr. X always hummed like that. "Yus, sir," said the boy, "e do when 'e's playin' up to 'is time; but when 'e's off it, 'e do use horful language!"

What terrible chaps some of these transatlantic organists must be. Now, here in Canada . . . Oh, well, never mind!

The concert to be given in Association Hall on Monday evening next by the Toronto String Quartette, Mrs. Drechsler Adamson directress, is being anticipated with much pleasure by local patrons of music. The occasion will mark the first public appearance in Toronto as a pianist of Herr Rudolf Ruth, the well known piano teacher and cellist, who will take part in Grieg's Sonata for piano and cello (Mr. Dinelli, cellist), and the Rheinberger quartette for piano and strings. The plan is now open at Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming's. Reserved seats are placed at 75c.

The patriotic sentiment which is at present sweeping over the country as an indication of the loyalty of Canadians to Her Majesty the Queen, is finding expression in numbers of musical compositions by native and resident composers. It is hoped that something may evolve out of all the numerous attempts which

are being made in this direction, which shall be a credit to musical Canada and a fitting tribute to the noble character of our sovereign, whose long and glorious reign has awakened feelings of gratitude and pride in the hearts of all loyal subjects.

The London Musical News in a recent notice of a performance of Gounod's Redemption at the Crystal Palace, London, sums up its opinion of the work in the following language: "Despite its weakness as an oratorio, regarded from the English and German point of view, and the wearisome mannerisms of Gounod which find a place in this 'Sacred Trilogy,' this music of the great French composer still commands a certain admiration. Musicians look upon it as an unequal work, there is much weakness, mingled, however, with some fine choral effects."

Herr Rudolf Ruth has completed a very clever and brilliant transcription for piano of Chopin's D flat waltz. Arrangements are now being made to have it published by a prominent foreign publishing house, and its appearance will be awaited with interest by local piano players. The transcription is characterized by a very florid and effective harmonic treatment, and its difficulties will prove a problem for ambitious students and soloists generally to solve. In this work Herr Ruth shows to advantage his technical skill and general musical culture.

The recital to be given on Wednesday evening next in the Guild hall by Mr. W. O. Forsyth's pupils is being looked forward to with much interest by local music-lovers. A limited number of invitations have been sent out to the event, but parties so desiring may obtain admission cards by applying to Mr. Forsyth personally or by letter at his studio in the Nordheimer building. Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, the popular soprano, will be the assisting artist.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, as octave to the Easter festival, the music to be given at St. Simon's church by the excellent choir under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's leadership will be of a specially interesting character. The same musical service as was given last Sunday will be repeated, including Tallis' Festival Responses, Stainer's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D, Charles Vincent's anthem, As it Began to Dawn, and Stainer's Sevenfold Amen.

Mr. Fred Warrington and his daughter, Miss Edna Warrington, have recently been singing with marked success in concerts given in different parts of the province. Mount Forest and Owen Sound papers have most enthusiastically noticed the singing of these popular vocalists at concerts given in these places. The progress which is being made by Miss Warrington in popular favor is a tribute to her ability and the success of her father as an instructor.

The Oliver Ditson Company of Boston have published a new anthem by Mr. Angelo M. Read of St. Catharines, Ont., Buffalo, N.Y., entitled Holy Father, Prince Divine, a melodious and musically work which can be recommended to local choirmasters in search of an effective composition for church work. The anthem contains a solo for soprano or tenor and is equally suitable for quartette or chorus choir.

Mr. Frank Welsman of Toronto, who has for several years been studying music in Leipzig, returns to this city in August. His masters in Germany are Herr Martin Krause, the eminent piano pedagogue, and Herr Schreck, the well known teacher of composition.

The annual choir concert of the Church of the Redeemer will be held on May 11, in Association Hall. Handel's sublime oratorio, Samson, will be given under the direction of the choirmaster, Mr. Walter H. Robinson.

The position of organist of Parkdale Presbyterian church has been awarded to Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson is in New York this week, receiving a special course of lectures from Mr. Edward A. Hayes, principal of the School of Vocal Science.

## INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 6, W. ALLAN 1888 PRESIDENT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Yonge St. and Wilton Ave.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director  
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT  
New Buildings including Music Hall  
are being erected on a choice site recently purchased at the corner of College St. and Queen's Avenue. Will remove to the new premises in August next.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION  
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal  
Oratory, Recitation, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Orthography, Diction and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art Statue Posing, Literature.

HARRY M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso  
In his interpretation of Chopin and Liszt numbers, elegance of style and brilliancy in bravura work told with overpowering effect, such as at once invited comparison with the interpretations of the same compositions by the most renowned of the world's greatest virtuosi.—*Leipzig Tageblatt*. Address after August 1st, care Prof. Martin Krause, 26 Braudvornerstrasse, Leipzig.

MR. A. S. VOGT  
Conductor Mendelssohn Choir  
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church, teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Moulton Ladies' College, Dufferin House and Rolleston House. Organ pupils also received at Conservatory of Music. 64 Pembroke St.

EDMUND HARDY, Mus. Bac. A.T.C.M.  
Gold medalist Trinity University, gold and silver medalist Toronto Conservatory of Music, piano pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, accepts pupils for the study of piano and harmony. Address 661 Queen St. West, or care Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS  
Soprano, Professor of Singing Toronto Conservatory of Music. Concerts directed. Voice Production and the Art of Singing taught. Concert repertoire formed. Graduate and certified pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. Reception hours, 3 to 4 p.m., Monday and Friday at Conservatory of Music. Residence, 4 Pembroke Street.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby and Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
274 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.  
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.  
Principal Musical Institution in Canada  
CALENDAR FREE.  
Geo. Gooderham, Pres. F. H. Torrington, Mus. Dir.

W. O. FORSYTH  
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)  
PIANO PLAYING—its higher development, harmony composition, etc.  
PRIVATE STUDIO—  
NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO.

THE VOICE  
Tone-production, Cultivation, Style and Repertoire.  
W. ELLIOTT HASLAM  
SPECIAL COURSE FOR TEACHERS

Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's, Toronto.  
Reception hours from 2 to 3 p.m., every day excepting Tuesday and Friday.

BERNHARD WALTHER  
The Belgian Solo Violinist  
at Toronto College of Music, and  
MADAME WALTHER  
The English Balladist (Soprano)  
53 Carlton Street. Concert engagements, Recitals and Musical Art Homes accepted.

Singing and Declamation  
THOROUGHLY TAUGHT  
...ORATORIO, BALLAD OPERA...  
Careful attention given to beginners.

P. DELASCO  
has sung with success in the following theaters: La Scala, Milan; Covent Garden, London; Metropolitan Opera, New York; and in concert with Nordica, Marteau, Juch and Musini. Concert engagements accepted. Confederation Life Building.

MR. AND MRS.  
KLINGENFELD  
Violin, Voice Culture, Piano and Theory  
494 Huron St., 7 doors north of Bloor St., or Metropolitan School of Music.  
Concert Engagements and Recitals

CONCERT, ORATORIO OR RECITAL  
MISS FRANCES WORLD  
Soprano  
For terms, dates, &c., address 45 Alexander Street.

DR. CHAS. E. SAUNDERS  
SINGING MASTER AND FLUTIST  
Pupils received. Special attention given to voice production and to the study of the highest class of vocal and flute music. Concert engagements accepted. 32 St. Mary Street.

HERR RUDOLF RUTH  
Piano and Violoncello  
Toronto College of Music  
and 92 Wellesley Street

WALTER H. ROBINSON  
Singing Master, Conductor and Tenor Soloist.  
Gives instruction in Voice Culture.  
Vocal Instructor Toronto College of Music and Hervey Hall Ladies' School, Conductor of Church of Redeemer Choir, Toronto University Glee Club and Toronto Male Chorus. Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON CO., Ltd., 133 Yonge St.

GIUSEPPE DINELLI  
Solo Violoncellist and Accompanist  
TEACHER OF  
PIANO AND CELLO  
At Conservatory of Music and 94 Gerrard Street East

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN  
Concert Pianist and Accompanist  
Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—512 Parliament Street, or The Toronto College of Music. Telephone 1062.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK  
Specialist in Tone Production, Voice Culture and Expression.  
CONCERT AND ORATORIO TENOR  
Choirmaster Trinity Methodist Church.  
Solo Tenor Philharmonic Society, Kingston  
Residence (morning), 53 Huntley Street, or Studio (afternoon), Room 4, Nordheimer's.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College. Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 98 Nassau Street.

W. J. McNALLY  
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church  
Teacher of Piano and Organ at the Toronto College of Music  
Studio—32 Sussex Avenue.

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac. Theory  
and Piano. Experienced in preparing pupils for Toronto University examinations in Music. Address 20 Maitland St., or Toronto College of Music

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.  
Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church. Musical Director Hamilton Ladies' College.  
TEACHER OF  
Piano and Organ Playing and Theory  
Harmony and Counterpoint taught by correspondence. Address, 6 Glen Road, or Toronto Coll. of Music.

J. W. F. HARRISON  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School 13 Dunbar Road, Rosedale.

MISS MARGUERITE HALL, A.T.C.M.  
(Honor Graduate Conservatory of Music)  
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Harmony and Counterpoint. Engagements for accompanying accepted. Address—21 Bernard Ave., Toronto.

MRS. FRED W. LEE  
Pianist and Accompanist  
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.  
32 Tranby Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MISS RENAUD  
Teacher of Piano  
11 Seaton Street

MONS. F. X. MERCIER, Tenor Soloist  
Tone Production, Cultivation and Style.  
Concert engagements accepted.  
259 Spadina Avenue.

## NEW MUSIC

VOCAL  
HAIL THE LORD. By Hastings Weblyn. Price 40c. A beautiful new sacred song by this very promising writer. Compass c to e. Very appropriate for Easter.  
HE THAT DWELLETH (1st Psalm). Sacred aria for soprano and tenor, by T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac. Price 40c. A new and pretty sacred song by this well known author. Compass d to f (or ad lib.).  
JUST AS I AM. Sacred song. Music by Wm. Reed. Price 40c. A new and very effective musical setting of those old and familiar words by this well known author. Compass b to d.

INSTRUMENTAL  
THE IROQUOIS MARCH (2-step). By V. Glionna. Price 40c. One of the best 2-steps on the market.  
DANCE, A X SABOTS (wooden shoe dance). By F. Boscovitz. Price 50c. Characteristic.  
RENDEZVOUS MARCH. By Otto Henneberg. Price 40c. A splendid march.  
Ask your dealer for the above or order direct from the publisher.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 158 Yonge St., Toronto

## OH, HOW BEAUTIFUL!

This is a common expression when the rich tones of the

R. S. WILLIAMS  
PIANOS  
are heard. They are not only beautiful in architectural design, but the musical quality is unsurpassed both in volume and mellowness.  
B. WILLIAMS, Gen. Manager  
WILLIAMS, 143 YONGE ST.

STEINWAY  
PIANOS

Endorsed by the most eminent musical authorities—in both hemispheres, and acknowledged the  
STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD.  
Appointed by Royal Warrants  
piano manufacturers to  
Her Majesty Queen Victoria  
And their Royal Highnesses  
The Prince and Princess of Wales.  
Also to  
His Majesty  
Emperor William of Germany  
Sole Canadian Representatives:  
A. & S. NORDHEIMER,  
Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.  
BARGAIN in second-hand Steinway Pianos.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac., Graduate University of Toronto, certificated teacher VOCAL AND PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Address 532 Church Street, or Toronto College of Music.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
271 Jarvis Street. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY  
Organist Sherbourne Street Methodist Church. Piano, Organ and Musical Theory  
46 Phoebe Street.

MADAME STUTTFORD, VOICE  
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Labiche). Voice culture, Italian method; also pianoforte. Terms moderate. Address A. & S. Nordheimer's, or 183 Church Street.

MISS CARTER  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
380 Brunswick Avenue.

MR. V. P. HUNT, Organist and Choir-master Central Presbyterian Church. Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music. Musical Director of the Demill Coll., St. Catharines. Residence—261 Church Street.

MISS LENA M. HAYES  
TEACHER OF VIOLIN  
473 Euclid Ave. and Toronto Conservatory of Music.

LLOYD N. WATKINS  
393 Church Street. Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of Guitar at the Conservatory of Music.

G. H. OZBURN, Teacher Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo; Leader Ozburn Ladies' Guitar and Mandolin Club. 70 Beaconsfield Ave., Metropolitan College of Music, or 300 Yonge Street.

JOSEPH HUGILL  
445 Yonge Street  
Maker and Repairer of Violins, Violas, Cellos, Mandolins and Guitars.  
50 years' experience. Repairing old violins a specialty

J. W. STOREY  
MANUFACTURER OF  
GUITARS  
Repairer of Guitars, Banjos, Mandolins, Mandolin-Guitars, Mandolin-Banjos, and Banjo-Guitars.  
Twenty years' experience.  
15 Marion St., Parkdale

## EDUCATIONAL.

## Rapid Business Hand-Writing...

Is a most important qualification for a young man. Good writers can always command paying positions. The best teachers of writing in Canada are at the

British American  
Business College  
Co., Ltd.  
Confederation Life Building, Toronto  
EDW. THOUT, Pres. D. HOSKINS, Sec.

## From EASTER to July 30

A term of fifteen weeks may be profitably spent at the

## Central Business College

of Toronto  
Plenty of time to acquire a good practical knowledge of Bookkeeping and other Commercial subjects.  
Ample time to get up Stenography and Typewriting for a good commercial position. A special class from July 5 to July 30 for Teachers.  
Get particulars. Address  
W. H. SHAW, Principal,  
Yonge & Gerrard Sts.



Hidden in Holyrood.

SOME people appear never to desist from the practice of inventing plausible stories about the changing of babies and the shuffling of identities in regard to the occupants of thrones and the royal succession in Great Britain and other countries. Not long ago it was hinted in the sensational press of the world that Queen Victoria had died several years ago and an obscure woman, who bore a singular resemblance to her, had been substituted. It was not made quite clear why the Prince of Wales should have tamely submitted to the imposture. The story also went abroad a year ago that it had just been discovered that the Pope had been seized and imprisoned by some conspirators several years ago and a tool of their own provided to fill the chair of St. Peter and do their bidding. Those who issued this absurd story went so far as to call for subscriptions to raise a fund sufficient to make war and rescue the true Pope from his place of imprisonment. The latest story is one of "changed babies," which is the most common form for these sensational yarns to take. A correspondent of *Harper's Bazar* writing from London says:

Some years ago a curious discovery was made by some workmen in Holyrood. In a recess in the wall of the room in which James I. was born was found a little coffin, covered by a royal pall, and containing the skeleton of a newborn male child. The news was at once communicated to Her Majesty, and an order came to wall up the recess and to let the matter rest. The supposition is, of course, that the real James I. died at his birth, and that the child of some peasant woman was smuggled into the palace. If this be true, Queen Victoria has not a drop of Stuart blood in her veins. Perhaps that is why she is such a good woman. It really does not make much difference now what happened at Holyrood, or who were the father and mother of the man known in history as James I. Canadians will not grow chilly towards the Queen's Jubilee, even though it should be established that there was a break in the Stuart succession at that time. There was a break at a later period, yet most people will continue to believe that Queen Victoria can trace her ancestry to, at least, the Celtic and Saxon kings of about 400 A.D. It will take a great deal more evidence than the alleged finding of a child's coffin in the walls of Holyrood to upset history, and if history were upset in the matter, few people would care a rap.

Self-Confidence.

John Bright once said of Gladstone: "He is an honest man; he believes what he says. The worst of it is that he too readily believes what he wishes to believe." To a question whether that was not something like self-deceit, Mr. Bright replied: "No; Mr. Gladstone sees an object which he thinks of vital importance, and he turns in all directions for arguments in support of it. He finds them, and he becomes unconscious of anything outside of them. That is not self-deceit." To the objection that it was a dangerous quality in a statesman to be able to see only that side of a question which he wished to see, Mr. Bright replied that every man who had done anything great in the world had been of that constitution. "You can not do a great thing," he concluded, "if you have doubts of your own position and reasons."

To Be Married in June.

Shortly before the inauguration a young man called upon President McKinley at Canton to pay his respects. Mr. McKinley was well acquainted with his visitor and had taken great interest in him, especially in his love affair, and he touched upon the tender topic. The young man was embarrassed, but the President persisted in his questioning and soon discovered that the prospect of love in a cottage was not pleasing to the young lady.

"Do you think she would like to live abroad a little while?" asked the President.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the young fellow. "Well," said Mr. McKinley, "if you think it will do any good, tell her that I will give you a consular appointment as a wedding present. Pick eight or ten places in Europe that you think would suit her, and when I take up consular matters I will nominate you for one of them."

The young man has since notified the President that he would be married early in June.

The World's Need.

So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind,  
Is all the sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

She Played Fair.

The following expressive note was sent by a lady, with marriageable daughters, to the captain of a coastguard ship, with whom she had only a formal acquaintance:

"Dear Captain Blank,—If any of your officers are nice and eligible we shall be glad to see them."

A Better Man.

The other day a lady of the diplomatic circle alluded to the resemblance between President McKinley and Napoleon.

"I suppose he does look like Napoleon," said Mrs. McKinley, "but I am sure he is a very much better man."

The Unhappy Turk.

It is not for death the Moslem cares,  
The thought of it brings him no hurt;  
But he hates to be licked by a man who wears  
An accordion-plaited skirt.

—Indianapolis Journal.

They Had Been Taught Better.

"Agnes," he said tremulously, "we have been married five years, yet not until now have I been courageous enough to tell you why I married you. It is the hardest duty of my life to tell this, for I know that our relations as man and wife must cease from this day. My darling—oh, Heaven help us—I married you because I loved you! Agnes, Agnes, don't turn from me! Think of our child, think of our duty towards each other! Think—ah, I know I wronged you! Wealth, wealth alone should induce a man to marry, and yet heaven knows I have never

ceased regretting the wrong I did you. I did marry you because I loved you. From earliest childhood we are taught otherwise, yet I—I, the most miserable man living, married for love. Don't let it be known, Agnes. Avoid scandal for our child's sake. Do with me what you will, only pity me."

The strong man bowed his head and wept in agony.

"Arthur," sobbed the poor woman, "I was prepared for anything but this. I thought five years ago, when I gave you my hand, that it would be protected by one who married me for my wealth, not by a mere lover. Why did I not know this before? Oh, heaven knows I shall try to forgive you, but we can never, never live together again. We must not have a public divorce, for society would ascertain all, and we should be ostracized. Arthur, to think—that—that after all these—"

And the suffering woman, all her life blighted, fell fainting upon the floor.

She—I think you had better send up another rat-trap, John. He—But I bought one only the other day. She—I know, but there is a rat in that one.—*Tid-Bits.*

"Belinda, how do you treat a stupid man who admires you?" "Really, I don't know; when a man admires me I never do myself the injustice to consider him stupid.—*Chicago Record.*

Mrs. Jobber—Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak; she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear? Mr. Jobber—All right, call her in.—*Judge.*

Herr Oil—Haf you heard dot dog of mine ate a tape-measure undt died? Herr Kut—I suppose he died by inches, nicht var? Herr Oil—Aber nit; he vent outt in der alley und die py der yard.—*Columbia Spectator.*

"Mrs. Saver must feel that she was very extravagant in buying that new gown." "What makes you think so?" "She's begun to argue that it will be the cheapest in the end."—*Chicago Journal.*

"I hear that Judge Bucketts is studying mind-reading," said the lean lawyer. "If he gets proficient," said the fat lawyer, "he'll arrest the whole town for contempt of court."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PRINCESS THEATER

Damon and Pythias FRIDAY, May 7th.  
Under the auspices of Toronto Lodge, No. 50, K. of P.  
Colleen Bawn MATINEE, May 8th.  
Under the direction of Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A. Doris EVENING, May 8th.  
Tickets, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

PAUL HAHN'S Violoncello Recital

PATRONAGE OF  
Col. Sir Castimir and Lady Gzowski  
ARTISTS—Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Soprano; Miss Gurney, Pianist; Miss A. Helmer, Accompanist; Mr. W. E. Rundle, Tenor; Mr. Percy Parker, Baritone; Mr. Paul Hahn, Cello.  
Thursday, May 13, 8.15 p.m., Guild Hall.  
Tickets (reserved seats), 50c, and 75c, according to location. For sale at principal music stores.

MASSEY MUSIC HALL

"Erl King's Daughter"  
Tuesday, May 4th, 8 p.m.  
ARTISTS:  
Miss DELTA ZEIGLER, Soprano, of Detroit  
MR. R. WATKIN MILLS, Baritone, of England  
First appearance of the  
Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra of SIXTY and  
Full Chorus  
Plan open to subscribers April 29th and 30th. To the public, May 1st to 4th, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., at Massey Music Hall. Reserved seats, \$1, 75c, and 50c.

New Address 81 Yonge St. Just above King.



Caps

To-Go-Awheeling-in

More kinds than you could count.

Good, comfortable sorts.

And quality the top consideration—no matter the price we get!

Colors and patterns to please all tastes

Some quiet—some a bit startling!

Caps for men!

Caps for boys!

Caps for ladies!

Ladies, we show some very novel things in Fedora and Fancy Straws for wheeling or walking—almost no two alike in the stock—but every style a pretty one and becoming to somebody.

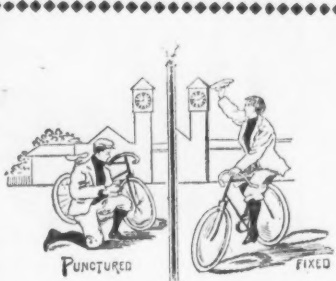
Furs—Some nice orders being placed for garments for next season—no better time than now to place yours.

W. & D. Dineen

81 Yonge Street

Trip to Grant's Tomb.

If you are thinking of being present at the grand dedication ceremonies at the tomb of the late Gen. U. S. Grant on April 27th next, it will be worth your while to consider the offer of the picturesque Lehigh Valley route which has made a rate of \$5.00 from Suspension Bridge to New York and return. For further particulars see advertisement.



There's No Trouble

No matter what happens, when you ride

Dunlop Tires

They are quickly detached by your hands, and repaired and replaced without a bit of bother—besides they're full of life and spring, and are amazingly durable and fully guaranteed.

American Dunlop Tire Co.  
TORONTO



BEAUTY!

Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invention and magic beautifier—the "Paris Face Steamer." It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a pearly blooming purity. Crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the most wonderful beautifier yet produced. Complexion soaps and complexion cream manufactured only by the Paris Face Steaming Co., 11 King St. W., upstairs, over the Basinet.

Our Treatments and Preparations Remove

FRECKLES PIMPLES  
BLACKHEADS  
MOTH PATCHES  
TAN, SUNBURN ECZEMA  
WRINKLES ACNE  
SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES

Superfluous Hair removed forever by Electrolysis and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Our specialties are Face and Body massage, Manicuring and Chiropody.  
Consultation free at office or by letter. Send stamp for illustrated booklet.

GRAHAM DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
Tel. 1858. 41 Carlton Street, Toronto

USE LAWSON'S

DELICIOUS

Teas and Coffees

Phone 4167. 465 Yonge St.

Artistic Dressmaking

and Ladies' Tailoring

Also Latest Novelties in Spring Millinery, Veilings, Flowers, Etc. Etc.

French Millinery Emporium  
57 King Street West (opp. Mail Office)  
MRS. A. BLACK, (MGR.)

WIDOW lady leaving for England desires engagement as nurse to children or invalid.  
Address F. K. S., SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

CHATEAU CECIL, CENTER ISLAND.  
will open middle May, for limited number first-class boarders. Fine airy rooms, bathrooms, veranda, lovely beach for bathing. Terms moderate.  
Box B, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

IF YOU WISH TO RENT

A nice office, try the SATURDAY NIGHT Building.  
Apply to Cashier.



"TOURIST"

FOR...

CYCLING AND TRAVELING

Ladies, now is the time to have your Furs repaired and remodeled. Our stock of manufactured Furs is still being offered at BARGAIN PRICES.

Goods sent on approval if satisfactory reference is given.

Orders outside the city will have prompt attention.

G. R. RENFREW & CO. 5 King Street East, Toronto  
35 & 37 Buade St., Quebec

"Easy to Pedal"



A Prominent Society Woman of Toronto writes:

"The Cleveland Bicycle I bought last spring has given me entire satisfaction. It is easy to pedal and very strong and durable, and though it has had some hard usage it is practically as good as the day I received it. I have no hesitation in recommending the high-grade Cleveland as in every respect a first-class bicycle for women."

Dozens of Such Testimonials Daily Received

Call for Illustrated '97 Catalogue at the...

Cleveland Warerooms

169 YONGE ST.

Cleveland Cycling Academy: Granite Rink

HIGH CLASS FURNITURE

A fine line in Bedroom, Parlor and Dining-room Furniture at greatly reduced prices.

Iron and Brass Beds a specialty, at the new ware-rooms of...

The SCHOMBERG FURNITURE CO.

651-653 Yonge Street

CHAIRS AND TABLES LOANED FOR PARTIES.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR THE

JUBILEE ALE

Manufactured by the Dominion Brewery Co., Ltd

Ready for Delivery on the First of May

It is a pure extract of Malt and Hops, and in quality cannot be excelled by any other brand on the market.

It is always in condition and ready for use.

Parisian Novelties in

Dress Materials and

Millinery

Smart Tailor-Made Gowns.

Misses E. & H. Johnston

122 King Street West



RENFREW'S



Ladies' Felt and Straw Hats

CYCLING AND TRAVELING

Ladies, now is the time to have your Furs repaired and remodeled. Our stock of manufactured Furs is still being offered at BARGAIN PRICES.

Goods sent on approval if satisfactory reference is given.

Orders outside the city will have prompt attention.

G. R. RENFREW & CO. 5 King Street East, Toronto  
35 & 37 Buade St., Quebec



## The Ceremonies Inaugurating the Mayor of Chicago.

TO those who are accustomed to the quiet inauguration ceremonies presided over by Mr. John Blevins, opened by prayer, and to which flock only a few invited guests who attend out of courtesy or curiosity, the recent inauguration ceremonies in Chicago would have been a wonderful revelation. Democracy, defeated last November, rallied in the municipal campaign and triumphantly returned as Mayor, Carter Harrison, son of the late Mayor Harrison, who lost his life a few years ago by an assassin's bullet. Elated by their success they determined to make the inauguration night glorious in the annals of Democracy. And it was.

The personnel of the City Council differs slightly from that of Toronto the "good," in that it is made up of representatives from many wards in which there live more foreigners than Americans, and in which the local centers are saloons and the local representatives and controllers saloonkeepers. The celebration of the evening commenced with a procession from the first ward escorting their representatives, "Bath House" Coughlin and "Hinky Dink" Kenna, both saloonkeepers, in a carriage through the principal streets to the City Hall. Every democratic club except the Chinese was represented, and the rainy night and dirty streets made no difference to the Italian, French, Bohemian, Afro-American and other organizations which appeared for the glorification of these two men. Some eighteen hundred persons had crowded into the Council Chamber, which is intended to accommodate about two hundred, and the scene really beggars all description. On the arrival of Mr. Harrison the band struck up Behold El Capitan, and the crowd went wild. The chamber itself held banks of flowers. Directly back of the Mayor's chair was a shield of American Beauty roses and carnations presented by the alumni of St. Ignatius College. To the right of this shield was an eagle of heliotrope and ferns, its wings from tip to tip measuring six feet. From its bill was pendent "Liberal



Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago.

Government." Great wreaths of American Beauty roses, daffodils, tulips and white roses were on either side. In fact, the floral decorations covered everything in design from a rooster to a bicycle. Ships, American flags, slabs, harps with Irish and American flags, wreaths, eagles, cornucopias, umbrellas, and even pillows were on the aldermanic desks and overflowed the Mayor's station. There was something very ludicrous in a large pillow of white carnations on the desk of a disreputable member, on which was worked in blue *immortelles* the touching legend, "Our Friend." On other floral pieces such sentiments were expressed as "Good Boy," "Our Billy," and "Harroo." The admiring constituents filled the gallery, trampled on women in the aisles, crowded them to the floor, and shouted vulgar epithets at those officials whom they did not like. This crowd was, of course, the only marring feature of the evening.

The valedictory of Mayor Swift and the salutatory of Mayor-elect Harrison were well written, business-like, and well delivered utterances, and though the Council is not what it ought to be, the people at large seem to have confidence in Mr. Harrison. The most dramatic incident of the evening was the eloquent speech of Ald. John Harlan, the Independent candidate who ran next to Harrison at the recent election, and who is now the most popular man in Chicago in the better circles. His platform was "Smash the Machine," and his speech at the Council shows that his policy has not changed nor his ardor abated. The "swearing in" process went on in a perfect bedlam of conversation and yells from the galleries. Some idea may be gained of the magnitude of the city when it is known that the City Treasurer had to furnish bond to the extent of \$22,500,000.

When the Council adjourned the relentless horde swooped down upon the flowers like an army of vandals, snatched the blossoms from their wired supports in great patches, and laughingly stalked away with arms full of their booty. The sovereign voter believes in noise. Society, parents and unreasonable authorities forbid noise. Hence, noise is the sign of freedom. Freedom in this sense was rampant that evening, and people went home declaring that there is only one free city in the world, and that is Chicago, and what makes Chicago great is the Cook County Democracy. Chicago, April 19. G. H. L.

### An Oriental Story.

Canadian Mute.

AN Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to them-

selves and went away. After putting in one or two bucketfuls one of the men said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as you put the water in on one side it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:

"But we have our day's wages, have we not? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other; and throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work till about sunset he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him; and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing; now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforth thou shalt stand at my right hand."

### Elegy Written in a City Thoroughfare.

For Saturday Night.

TIME: EARLY MORNING.

SEASON: MIDWINTER.

The church bell tolls the birth of coming day;

The turned-out dog doth shiver piteously;

The milkman plods along his milky way,

And leaves the world to daybreak and to me.

A door here bangs; a shutter opens there;

A sleigh far distant is distinctly heard;

Sweet housemaids' heads, from windows every-where,

Stick out and perhaps catch cold—which is absurd.

Now the old Sun shakes off dull drowsy night

And lifts himself in majesty on high—

What earthly pageant e'er could match the sight?

What man that sees it asks not "What am I?"

Nor all the eloquence of scholar's book,

Nor all the sermons preached in stuffy air,

Such comfort yield as one believing look

At sunrise—for it is a grand affair.

Now through commercial haunts I take my path,

And see neat drygoods clerks start the day;

Samples of all the goods their master hath

They hang outside his shop in grand array.

See the fat keeper of the neighbor's bar

Stand blinking at his door with aproned front;

His bull-dog scents some customers afar

And tells his master so with brutish grunt.

An early trolley car hums past me now,

With button-holed conductor at the back;

There loaded vehicles march in a row;

Here comes a Jewish peddler with his pack.

Soon all the streets with writhing mortals fill,

Hatched, one would swear, like insects, by the sun.

Some haste to labor, some to drive the quill,

But all to work—The day! The day's begun!

Quebec. W. R. LEITCH.

### Society of Consulting Matrons.

THOSE who stand shivering on the edge of matrimony, those who have plunged in and have found themselves in hot water ever since, will read with interest the following letter sent by a correspondent to London Truth.

He proposes that there should be founded to celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee an Incorporated Society of Consulting Matrons, to advise bachelors as to the chances of happiness with the women they are thinking of marrying. The Victorian Order of Home Nurses here in Canada may fill a long-felt want, but it is doubtful if any organization could confer a greater service on mankind than is proposed by the writer of the following letter:

Sir,—I observe that you always open your columns to any who have an original plan to propose which may be of use to the public. That encourages me to write this letter.

There are three reasons which cause men to go into society:

1. To make acquaintances.
2. To find a wife.
3. To find somebody else's wife.

For many years I went much into society with the second object in view. Eventually I met a woman who, apparently, possessed all those qualities, mental and physical, which I required. The lady was gentle, simple, unselfish, appeared to attach much importance to duty, and seemed to take interest in whatsoever interested me. I married her.

The religious and legal ceremonies which bound us together, however, had amazing results; for soon after marriage I discovered that my wife was wild, wilful and wholly worldly, had no sense of responsibility, and that all her tastes were opposed to mine.

As this seems to be a common experience connected with matrimony, it is necessary to explain that I merely mention these particulars by way of preface.

When I am inclined to buy a horse, an expert is requested to pronounce an opinion upon it; if I propose to purchase a work of art, another expert is called in; and when I desire to invest money I consult a banker or a broker.

I am not an expert in marriage. This, then, is the proposal that I wish to make. There are now many shrewd and experienced dowagers, who have lived the whole of their lives in the world, knowing everybody, the characters, the concerns and the antecedents of all their neighbors, but compelled to add to their diminished incomes by various singular devices. Some of these ladies should set up as professional advisers in matrimonial matters; and to guarantee their integrity there should be founded an "Incorporated Society of Consulting Matrons."

Let me put the matter plainly. A wishes to marry Miss C. He consults Lady B, who has known Miss C from her birth, and her parents since they received their social baptism by bowing at Court, and also knows every particular connected with the family. For a fee of fifty guineas A obtains expert opinion which may preserve him his happiness, his fame, and his fortune.

This proposal is so obviously to the benefit of all unmarried men that I have decided to commemorate this memorable year by founding the "Incorporated Society of Consulting Matrons." All subscriptions for the fund should be forwarded to,

Yours faithfully,

BENEDICK OF BELGRAVIA.

### How About This?

Boston Globe.

A lawyer at Stratford, Ont., whose sign reads, "A. Swindle," was advised by a friend to have his first named spelled out in full—Arthur, or Andrew, or whatever it might be. He didn't follow his advice, however. His full name is Adam.

# MASSEY HARRIS

**THE WHEEL OF THE PRESENT AND OF THE FUTURE.**  
It is listed at its net cash price, and that price is \$85.00.  
If you have not seen it, you should do so before purchasing.

When your purchase is made, we teach you to ride at the best RIDING ACADEMY in Toronto—THE VICTORIA RINK, Huron St., N. of College.

Our Salesrooms:—  
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts. W.  
1585 Queen St. W.

**MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD., TORONTO**

### Humorous Side of Early Hymns.

In an article by James Elderice, says *The Voice*, in which are collected a number of laughable "breaks" made by hymn-writers and choirs, we find the following references to some of the earliest of modern hymnology: For a long time the only hymnal known or allowed was a paraphrase of the Psalms of David. First came the early Covenant collection. About 1562 appeared "The Whole Book of Psalms Collected into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins and others." For more than two hundred years this work was bound up with the Book of Common Prayer, and used in all the churches of English establishment. After Sternhold came the Rouse versions. In these paraphrases, excretion was in close connection with praise. We can well believe that the portion of the church militant composed of Cromwell's men and the Highland warrior sang with spirit as well as understanding:

Why dost thou hold thine hand aback,  
And hide it in thy lap?  
O pluck it out, and be not slack  
To give thy foes a rap.

Whatever encouragement or inspiration they might derive, for a modern congregation there would be little else than amusement in singing:

The race is not forever got  
By him who fastest runs,  
Nor the battle by the people  
Who shoot the largest guns.

Or in this:

Ye monsters of the bubbling deep  
Your Maker's praises shout,  
And wag your tails about:  
Up from the sands ye codlings peep.

One need not go very far in the studies of Sternhold and Hopkins, and others of their day, to heartily agree with quaint old Thomas Fuller, that "their piety was better than their poetry."

The sacred muse of Charles Wesley took wild flights, and was not above trying her hand on a hymn, "for a child cutting his teeth."

She—Let us stop dancing; my hair is coming down. He—Never mind, I'll pick it up.—*Le Monde Comique*.

A ray of hope: The bride—I'm so worried about Fred's cold. Her mother—Still, the majority of cases of cold in the head terminate favorably.—*Puck*.

### A Good Answer.

One day a malicious person said to Alexandre Dumas fils: "Your father was a mulatto, was he not?"

Dumas replied: "Yes, sir; my father was a mulatto, my grandfather was a negro, and my great-grandfather a monkey. My genealogy begins where yours ends."

### Quite Worth Considering.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Maude says she doesn't care two cents for him."

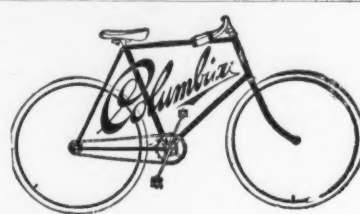
"That is no sign she does not think a lot of him. Just think how women will fight for bargains that are marked down from \$3.50 to \$3.48."

### This is Worth Getting.

The Yellow Fellow Year Book has just come from the hands of the printers, and is considered by experts to be one of the finest catalogues ever published. It is most elaborate and artistic. Its scheme is exceedingly striking and effective. In size it is 10 1/2 inches by 6 inches. The cover is of rough-faced stock, buff color, and the design is as unusual as it is fetching. It represents a flight of swallows thickly bunched together, forming a deep black surface, upon which appears the title, "The Yellow Fellow Year Book," and a row of conventionalized holly hook plants printed in deep yellow. The frontispiece consists of a full page view of the three factories of E. C. Stearns & Co., the main plant at Syracuse, the Canadian branch at Toronto, and the Paris, France, factory at Puteaux. The reading pages of the book are only three by six inches in size, leaving a broad margin, which is filled up either with conventionalized flower forms printed in deep yellow or with marginal illustrations reproduced from wash drawings. The illustrative features of the catalogue throughout are extraordinarily clever, and of a dainty and attractive character. The various models made by E. C. Stearns & Co. are shown to the best possible advantage, and the internal mechanism is explained and illustrated in the fullest detail.

Among the models shown are the Special, which lists at \$125, and is claimed to be the lightest practical roadster on the market. Model A, which is the regular \$100 wheel, for all kinds of service. The Model B for heavy weight riders. The Model C for ladies. The racer combination and diamond frame tandems. The last two listing at \$150.

Vim or Hartford single tube, the New York single or double tube, Morgan & Wright quick repair double tube, and the Dunlop detachable tires are offered as the options. Although the '97 Year Book is one of the



## Bicycle Insurance

If you wish to be insured against worry and annoyance in your bicycle riding, you must secure a wheel with a reputation for reliable service. The

### "COLUMBIA"

has it. The quality is better than ever this year—adjustment perfect—built exactly right. Let us show you the new models.

Our splendidly equipped Riding Academy, under the charge of competent instructors, affords everyone an easy and safe way to learn.

## McDonald & Willson

187 Yonge Street

most expensive catalogues ever gotten up, E. C. Stearns & Co. have decided to distribute them gratuitously, and they may be had upon application to their agents, or to the American Baitan Co., Toronto, the Canadian selling agents.

The different models may be seen at the city warerooms, 177 Yonge street.

IF YOU ARE ON

# A WELLAND VALE

You will be Proud of It

Every Wheel  
We Make  
is Fully  
Guaranteed

"PERFECT"  
"GARDEN CITY"  
and "DOMINION"

WELLAND VALE MFG. CO., LTD.

Toronto Store—77 YONGE ST      Factory—ST. CATHARINES, Ont



## Studio and Gallery

At the Watts Exhibition in the New Gallery, London.

THE EVE OF PEACE.  
There in Art's Palace hall I found portrayed,  
Time, Death and Judgment, mute Oblivion,  
Strong Love that led the frail life gently on,  
And one to whom glad homage all men paid;  
There at Life's house, his wife wings sorely frayed,  
Stood Love at fence with Death, but the Death won,  
By forceful, forward step, dominion,  
He could not cast Love wholly into shade.

There kingly souls looked out from noble eyes,  
Each speaking clear some individual word,  
There while Hope sang beneath a single star  
And Eve repentant wept in Paradise,  
I saw a grave knight lean upon his sword,  
And golden twilight brought the end of war.  
—(Rev. Canon) H. D. Ravensley in "The Studio."

The above lines, written on a late exhibition of the work of George F. Watts, R.A., recall the fact that, although Watts has parted with but comparatively few of his pictures, two of them are owned in Canada. One is in the collection at Ottawa and another among those owned by Mr. R. B. Angus of Montreal.

A correspondent of this same magazine, *The Studio*, has the following crushing, but no doubt deserved, criticism on the Exhibition of the "Women Painters" now open in Petit's Gallery, Paris: It will be readily understood that there is not much to be said about the Exhibition, which, as a matter of fact, is more a question of fashion than of art. The vanity of the exhibitors is more in display than their ability. It were infinitely better that these ladies, since they seem anxious to devote themselves to serious work, should turn their energies to decorative art of a feminine kind, instead of painting the inferior portraits and insignificant bits of *genre* they so greatly affect. Needlework and embroidery would be far more interesting; but I suppose this would seem to them too much like women's proper sphere, and it is well known how eager they are in the present day to go outside it. In all this slipshod, childish work, I can only single out one name worthy of mention, that of Madame Fanny Fleury, whose strong and earnest ability I have mentioned before. Her exhibit consoles one somewhat for so much pretentious dullness and clumsy conceit.

At time of writing the sale of pictures by Mr. T. Mower Martin on April 22 is still a thing of the future. Mr. Martin has probably put on canvas more views of Canadian scenery during the last thirty-five years than any other of our artists, and his paintings of animals have found sale outside this country. Latterly he has given a good deal of attention to figure painting and work in which incident is the chief interest. Among these are his illustration of the story of the child stolen by the eagle, and a street scene in which members of the Salvation Army play a prominent part and in which each detail is most truthful. He is soon to leave for Europe for a sketching tour, and among other places intends to visit "Thurms," which Barrie has made known the world over, and there cannot fail to find much interesting material in the way of picturesque scenery and types. "I am afraid I shall not be able to carry my tent, though, and camp out as I do in Muskoka and other places here. I should have to constantly ask permission from some property owner or other to stay on his ground," Mr. Martin remarked. There are compensations in living in so new a country as ours, it seems, even to an artist. Possibly Ian MacLaren may learn of his stories being, not exactly illustrated, but something like it, should Mr. Martin's wanderings bring him to that part of Scotland.

On Monday and Tuesday of next week Mr. George Bruenech will exhibit at Townsend's, 22 King street west, a collection of seventy or eighty pictures, comprising views in Canada, the United States, England, France, and Norway (the land of the midnight sun), nearly all out-of-door work. The sketches of Norwegian scenery are especially remarkable for the unique



Ethel—You say Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think she loved him?  
May—Oh, no; she led him on to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed, accepted him on the spot.—*Truth*.

effects of the "midnight sun" such as could not be seen in a lower latitude, and Mr. Bruenech's handling is deft and crisp. This two days' exhibition will be followed by a sale on Wednesday (April 28), which will no doubt be largely attended.

A work of considerable interest to the holiday-makers of Jubilee time, writes Mr. Arthur Waugh in his London letter to the *New York Critic*, and one that should appeal particularly to the itinerant American, is to be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. in time for the national rejoicings of June. This is, in effect, a history of the English regalia, with lithographic representations executed by Mr. Griggs, the Lithographer Royal. It is strange but true that no accurate description of the royal jewels is as yet existing, and special facilities have been offered to Mr. Cyril Davenport, the compiler of the present work, for observing and photographing the insignia of royalty. There will be twelve colored plates, some thirteen inches by ten, representing the great golden eagle of the twelfth century, which holds the consecrated oil at coronation, the coronation spoon, the crosses, sceptres and oils, the Royal crowns, the sword of state, the mace of Charles II, and the imperial crown of Queen Victoria. There will also be some fifty small drawings, especially made by Mr. Davenport, tracing the development of the crowns and sceptres used in England from the time of Edward the Confessor to the present day. The letter-press will be written in a popular tone, and free from unintelligible technicalities.

The Roentgen rays have recently been employed in an entirely new field. Herr Friedrich Burger of Munich, who owns a head of Christ ascribed to Albrecht Dürer, has proved its genuineness by means of the rays, which revealed the fact that the head was painted on a silk handkerchief stretched on the wood on which it was supposed to have been painted. It disclosed, also, a Latin inscription, the monogram of a grandduke, Dürer's own initials and the date 1524.

LYNN C. DOYEE.

## BUTCHERED OR BURNED?

We read with horror of the cruelty and butcheries of Gen. Weyler in the fair Isle of Cuba, but little reck we of the ravages of that more direful King of Grave-Fillers, KIDNEY DISEASE, here in our midst.

People of high and low degree drop into graves on all sides of us daily from Kidney Trouble. We incur it ourselves. We encourage it. We do everything but cure it.

Yet there is a cure, pleasant as a May morning. Sure as fate. Infalible as heredity. Before this wonderful remedy, the agonizing tortures of Kidney Ills vanish like a snowflake in a fiery furnace.

This cure, of which we sound the praises is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Yet not alone we, but everyone who has tried them. One hundred per cent. of cures we record. Here are examples:

W. F. Smith, 16 Carrol St., Toronto says:—"I have taken eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have cured me of Heart Troubles, Pain in the Back and Dizziness, after other treatments had failed."

D. J. Kenney, Queen's Hotel, Mount Forest, says:—"Have suffered greatly from Nervousness, but information as to the effects of Dodd's Kidney Pills in such cases led me to use them, with the result that I am cured."

Louis H. Bounsall, 573 King east, Toronto, says:—"Had been troubled for several months with pain in my Back and Kidneys, which prevented my entering in bicycle events, but am in the ring once more after using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James Stokes, Deseronto, Ont., says:—"From the first box taken of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found relief, and hundreds here, knowing me for the past fifteen years, can vouch for my cure of long-standing Kidney Trouble."

Casey—O'll wurrk no more for that mon Dolan. Mrs. Casey—An phwy? Casey—Shure, 'tis an account av a remark that he made t' me. Mrs. Casey—Phwat did he say? Casey—Sez he, "Pat, yer discharged."—*Judge*.

"But I am so unworthy, darling," he murmured as he held the dear girl's hand in his. "Oh, George," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we could be."—*Boston Traveler*.

"Who is that young fellow?" "That's Jim Dowling, better known as 'Cannibal'." "Why 'Cannibal'?" "His father is a retired missionary, and Jim lives on him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

I may have a touch of the old complaint, and when I do a dose or two of the Syrup sets me all right. (Signed) A. H. Toy, 8 Reading Terrace, Somerset Road, Tottenham, London, April 21, 1893.

"In December, 1892," says Number Three, "I found myself in a condition that I couldn't understand. I had great pain in my knees and ankles, which after a time began to swell and puff up. After a fortnight the parts became so painful I had to give up my work and call a doctor, who attended me for five weeks, but I got no better. The pain was so bad I couldn't bear the bed-clothes to touch the parts. When I had suffered in this way for seven weeks, a friend who called told me about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My mother got me a bottle at Ormskirk, and after taking it a week I felt better, and was soon back at my work as well as ever. I have never had any more of that trouble since. (Signed) Albert Bond, Passenger Guard, Burscough, Ormskirk, December 27, 1893."

There you have the three of them—clear, concise and easy to carry away in your head. The ailment was the same in each case—indigestion and dyspepsia. It is so common that we would think that every soul of us would recognize it at sight (or on feeling), but we don't seem to. In Mr. Bond's case it developed into dropsy, kidney trouble being at the bottom of that, and behind that again a torpid liver; all the consequences of a stomach which for some reason had concluded not to work any more for the present. A very dangerous state of things for our good friend Albert Bond, and one he'd better watch out against by keeping his secretions flowing freely by the use of the Syrup the minute he suspects the kidneys and bowels are getting lazy.

Three men! Three thousand men! Three hundred thousand men! Yes, and thousands more to the boot of them, are taken this way in England every day. And it is to help them, relieve them, to save them, we keep on printing what others say of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

### Comparative Cold.

On Monday afternoon Dr. Yonge met Mr. Bloor on Adelaide street, shivering from the severe wind, quite unnatural to April.

"Why, Bloor, what's the matter with you?" "Well, this weather is enough to kill a man."

"Nonsense! I've been reading Nansen's book and I find this weather delightful. I can tell just who has read that book and who hasn't, by the way they stand this wind to-day. Those who have read Nansen go about chuckling, throwing their coats open and pretending to mop the perspiration from their brows. You know, Nansen entered in his log, 'Very hot to-day, only 22 below zero. And here you are kicking about this gentle zephyr.'"

"Well," replied Bloor, "the wind is kind of going down, isn't it? Oh, I can stand the cold as well as the next one."

And they both hid their mits.

### Quick and Witty.

Lord Young is said to be one of the ablest Scotchmen on the bench or at the bar. At least, he has a ready tongue. One day in September he was driving into town from his place in the country when he met an acquaintance.

"Hallo!" said the latter, "what are you doing here? I thought all respectable people were out of town."

"Well," said the other, "have you seen anything to make you alter your opinion? I haven't."

At the time of the general election of 1892 he was visiting at Dalmeny House, and the report came that Lord Wolmer, now the Earl of Selborne, had been returned for the Western Division by a majority of three, over Mr. T. R. Buchanan. Soon after someone came in and said that the majority was three hundred. He added that Lord — and Lord — had voted for Wolmer.

"Ah," said Young, "that accounts for the two ciphers."

*The Monarch*



## Ride a Monarch And Keep In Front

Knows body every Monarch the what without are wheels advertisements reading faster selling are They get can we than want you If in them wheel handsome a see to our examine and call \$60 from line 1897 \$150 Tandem \$100 to

Toronto W. Adelaide 8 and 6.

sion by a majority of three, over Mr. T. R. Buchanan. Soon after someone came in and said that the majority was three hundred. He added that Lord — and Lord — had voted for Wolmer.

"Ah," said Young, "that accounts for the two ciphers."

STYLE

SPEED

THE STEARNS BICYCLE  
"THE YELLOW FELLOW"

THE ear-marks of a STEARNS are style, grace, speed and strength. There's an indefinable something in its make-up which is found in no other bicycle.

The STEARNS is always in front. Its reputation as a light, easy-running wheel has been gained by the winning of contests innumerable on race track and hill.

There's not a thought of effort in riding a STEARNS bicycle. It pedals so easily, runs so smoothly, that it is called "the easy-running STEARNS."

The STEARNS is a wheel to be trusted. On the level, it runs without an effort; the labor of an up-hill climb is lessened by its lightness and ease of running; down the hill, over stones and "thank-you-mums," its strength comes into play.

Made throughout with extreme care, without an excess ounce anywhere; with balls as fine as machinery can make, bearings as true as steel can be turned—these are the secrets of the ease of running which has made the STEARNS noted.

If you really anticipate buying a bicycle, the best advice we can offer is to "Come in and talk it over."

We always feel perfectly willing to give our competitors an opportunity to tell their tale after the customer has seen the STEARNS and had its good points explained.

STEARNS is the vogue.

Send for Illustrated Yellow Fellow Year Book

American Rattan Co., Toronto

EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS

E. C. STEARNS & CO., Makers  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

TORONTO SALESROOMS:  
177 Yonge St.

GRACE

STRENGTH

**HARRIS CO.**  
44 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.  
**ARTISTS' COLOR MEN.**  
EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE PROFESSIONAL & AMATEUR ARTIST.

**MR. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.**  
... PORTRAIT PAINTER

places his studio open to visitors on Fridays from 3 to 5 p.m.

10 Elmley Place  
St. Joseph Street

**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
Has removed his studio to

24 King Street West, Manning Arcade

**F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES**  
PORTRAITURE

144 Yonge Street

**MISS EDITH HEMMING ... Artist**

Portraits & Miniatures on Ivory and Porcelain

Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746

**IVORY MINIATURES**  
and Water Color Portraits

For Wedding and Christmas presents,  
GAGEN & FRASER, Photographers, 79 King St. W.

**IMPORTANT!**  
Folding Sketching Easels, Folding Sketching

Stools, Umbrella Sticks and all the paraphernalia which makes out-door sketching easy, pleasant, successful and profitable.

**THE ART METROPOLE (Limited)**  
The Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge Street, Toronto

**REPRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES**  
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD  
53 KING ST. EAST  
TORONTO



## Expensive Entertaining.

THE cost of the reception in Paris of the Emperor of Russia was originally estimated at 12,000,000, but it has proved to be not more than 5,500,000. At first the young soldiers whose time was legally up were to be kept under arms until after the review, an extra three weeks, representing an expense of 6,000,000. Moreover, the Emperor and Empress were originally to stay at the Foreign Office, and by their staying at the Russian Embassy the Government saved about 400,000. Furthermore, the carriages and the Presidential train, which cost 400,000, have been resold to the companies for 300,000, so that there has been a saving of 7,000,000, by virtue of which the expense is reduced to 5,500,000. The details are interesting. The reception at the Hotel de Ville cost 160,000, refreshments, music, decoration, and rare plants and flowers included. The masts and oriflammes, the fireworks, the 200,000 gas burners, which required a small army of lighters, the official illuminations, the numerous platforms, the special station at the Ranelagh, and the removal of the scaffolding on the Arc de Triomphe cost 1,200,000 francs. The gala performances, the receptions at the Elysée, at Versailles, and at Cherbourg, the sentries along the line from Cherbourg to Paris, and the soldiers who lined the streets, the Châlons review, and the transport of troops cost \$3,500,000, including the improvised railway from Mourmelon to the camp and the tribunes. To these figures must be added the horses, carriages, and livery of the Elysée, and the large sums spent by private individuals, and it will not be far from the truth to say that these five days' fetes cost from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000.

## Wrecked on Fort Fisher.

Youth's Companion.

Technical training in any profession is a good and necessary thing, but it must be supplemented by careful and constant practice in order to eliminate the chances of danger, especially on board ship.

In 1863 the United States frigate B. was cruising off the Virginian coast under the command of Captain H. Captain H. had under his charge a number of young and enthusiastic midshipmen, graduates of the Naval College at Annapolis.

It was his custom to have them take the position of the ship at noon each day, when he took his own observations. Very often it happened that their calculations did not tally with his, but this only made him the more anxious to exercise them in so necessary a mathematical problem.

One day he was sitting in his cabin as usual at noon, after he had completed his calculations, and waiting for his "middies" to bring in theirs. The first came in almost immediately, visibly elated at having finished his task so soon and, as he believed, so correctly.

The captain took one look at the figures, and then leaped from his seat so quickly that the astonished midshipman started back in alarm. Almost exploding with laughter, the old captain curved his hands before his mouth and hurried to the companionway.

"Clear away the boats!" he roared. "Clear away the boats! We're wrecked—hard and fast aground on top of Fort Fisher!"

There was a howl of laughter from on deck, and the erratic young man grasped his papers and rushed past the captain and out of the cabin without waiting for ceremony.

## Doesn't Act Like a Sick Man.

The *Lancet* announces that the health of the Czar is excellent. He has nothing the matter with his brain, but is keeping himself in training by getting up at daylight and running five furlongs—a veriest—daily, timing himself. He amuses himself by shooting crows while riding a bicycle at high speed.

## The Great Goller.

Balfour has made himself solid forever with golf players. He excited a good deal of comment and not a little amusement by attending the last British Cabinet Council arrayed in full golf costume. He was on his way to the links, and was anxious to lose no time.

## Experts Disagree.

Edison and Tesla, both eminent electricians, are not agreed as to sleep. Edison said recently that "sleep is a d—d habit, anyway," in connection with his statement that some nights he did not sleep a wink. Tesla says that sleep is a vitalizer, and that if a man could sleep eighteen hours a day, he might live to be two hundred years old.

## Horse Show Dress Talk.

Henry A. Taylor of the Rossin Block offers these two or three hints of what is proper for patrons of the gentlemen persuasion to wear at the Horse Show. For evening wear the full dress suit, to include a white waistcoat, with an "Inverness" for the outer garment, is the recognized "exactly so." Of course the Prince Albert coat with a Chesterfield overcoat will be the popular afternoon dress, and will be worn by many in the evening as well. Any time during the day the neat sack suit and covert overcoat will be right. Indications are the Horse Show this season will be the dressiest yet, and gentlemen who are not fully robed for the function will need to be smart in ordering not to be disappointed when opening time arrives. Mr. Taylor will be pleased to consult with you for high-class tailoring along these lines.

**J. & G. STEWART'S**  
(EDINBURGH)  
OLD VATTED  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**  
THE BEST IN THE WORLD  
ASK FOR IT

This Season's Design of . . .

## SUIT CASE

with double lock catch will more than ever make it the popular traveling case.



MADE BY . . .

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

Tel. 233

105 King Street West Toronto

We have the largest and most extensive stock of Fine Traveling and Leather Goods in Canada. Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue.

Without a Rival

Do you want the nicest, neatest and best Radiators in the world?

The . . .

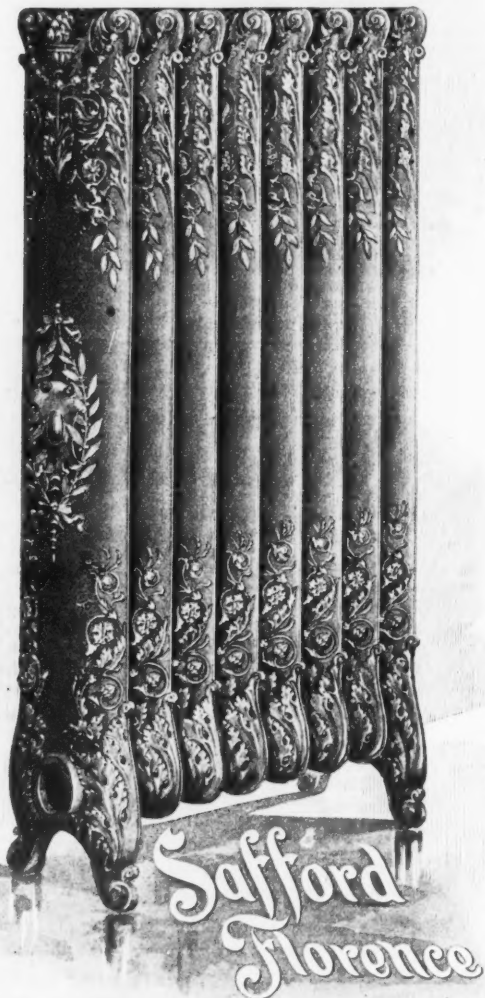
Safford Radiators

are superior in construction to any other kind for . . .

Hot Water and Steam

heating with large and unobstructed waterway.

Made only by . . .

The TORONTO RADIATOR MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.  
TORONTO, Ont.

The Largest Radiator Manufacturer Under the British Flag

## Easter Lilies

A grand display of well grown plants.  
Prices from 30c. upwards.

## Palms

and other plants for Easter decorations.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Ltd.  
132 and 134 King St. East—Tel. 1982

## Spring . . . Weddings

Invitations AND Announcements

Engraved in the Latest Style.

Write for prices and samples.

DONALD BAIN & CO., Fine Stationers  
25 JORDAN STREET

## Hothouse

Tomatoes

Mushrooms

Rhubarb

Lettuce

Cress (GARDEN AND WATER)

Green Onions

Choice Celery

## R. BARRON

726 &amp; 728 Yonge St.

Branch Store - 201 Wellesley St.

## Wedding Cakes

The finest materials and the most artistic decoration, at 40C. PER LB.

Try Our Maple Cakes, Made from Pure Maple Sugar

GEORGE COLES

Baker and Confectioner

719 YONGE STREET

## JOHN KAY, SON &amp; CO.

NOVELTIES AND UNEQUALLED VALUES

... IN ...

## Lace Curtains

IRISH POINT

RENAISSANCE

COLBERT

POINT-DE-GEM

BRUSSELS

MARIE ANTOINETTE

EIDELWEIS

TAMBOUR, &amp;c.

The largest assortment we have ever handled. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

John Kay, Son &amp; Co. 34 King St. West TORONTO



GALOPS CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

## EXTENSION OF TIME

THE time for receiving Tenders for the Iroquois Section of the Galops Canal has been extended until Friday, the 30th day of April, 1897.

An accepted bank check for the sum of \$50,000 must accompany each tender, instead of \$100,000 as originally called for.

By order, J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.



## No More of this Young Man

The above cut shows the method in vogue for cleaning carpets before we began business. Next week we will illustrate our new method. Telephone us, No. 2886, and your carpets will be promptly taken up, cleaned and relaid without any annoyance or delay. We make over and store carpets, etc. in moth-proof room, if desired. New carpets cut sewed and laid.

## TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

44 LOMBARD STREET

PFEIFFER &amp; HOUGH, Proprietors.

Telephone

2886

J. T. HOUGH,

Manager

## BABY'S OWN TABLETS...



A mild and effective purgative—regulate the stomach and bowels—reduce fever—break colds—expel worms—check diarrhoea—good while teething—cure colic—produce sleep—they are as pleasant as candy—easy to take—harmless as sugar—absolutely pure—mother's help and baby's friend—sample and paper doll if you send baby's name.

Use BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

## Births.

COBB—April 17, Mrs. Charlewood Cobb—a daughter.  
O'LOANE—April 17, Mrs. J. P. O'Loane—a son.  
MARTIN—April 9, Mrs. John M. Martin—a son.  
HENDERSON—April 8, Mrs. J. H. Henderson—a daughter.  
McDONALD—California, March 15, Mrs. (Dr.) McDonald—a daughter.  
PAGE—April 8, Mrs. T. J. Page—a daughter.  
SMITH—April 8, Mrs. H. T. Smith—a son.  
WARD—April 12, Mrs. R. A. Ward—a daughter.  
WATT—Brantford, April 21, Mrs. J. Watt—a son.

## Marriages.

JEWETT—POWLEY—April 17, Wm. D. Jewett to Florence Powley.  
GOVENLOCK—YOUNG—Glencoe, W. M. Govenlock, B.A., to Mary Young.  
CRAWFORD—PORTER—April 21, Archibald Crawford to Ethel Agnes Porter.  
PALMER—YOUNG—March 4, J. Frank Palmer to Elizabeth Young.  
DARRELL—GARVIN—Brooklyn, April 19, Henry F. Darrell to Ethel Blanche Mary Garvin.

## Deaths.

UGUCCIONI—At Florence, Italy, on Easter Sunday, Annie McLeod Buntin, beloved wife of the late Marquis Dino Uguccioni, eldest daughter of the late Alex. Buntin of Montreal, and sister of Alex. Buntin of this city.  
PEASE—April 19, Elizabeth S. Kennedy Pease, aged 73.  
HAMILTON—Smith's Falls, April 19, Eleanor Hamilton.  
McCARGOW—April 15, Dr. Wm. McCargow, aged 77.  
HAMILTON—March 29, Winifred Hampton.  
KEMPT—April 19, Wm. Kempt, aged 60.  
SCOTT—April 20, Harriet Scott, aged 78.  
BRODIGNAN—April 21, John Brodigan.  
CAMPBELL—April 21, Frances Campbell.  
URQUHART—April 21, Donald Urquhart, aged 52.  
BOYLE—April 21, Jean Boyle, aged 74.  
MANSELL—April 18, John Mansell, aged 77.  
WADE—April 17, Herbert R. Wade, aged 28.

## FUNERAL NOTICE

The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

W. H. STONE

YONGE 343 STREET

Telephone 932

## DIPHTHERIA—SCARLET FEVER Public Schools

Closed by Epidemic SPOONER'S DISINFECTANT Used every week prevents this kind of thing. Cheap. Druggists all sell it.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

FULLY EQUIPPED

## TOURIST CAR

Leaves NORTH BAY

EVERY THURSDAY

And TORONTO

EVERY FRIDAY

FOR THE

## GOLD FIELDS

Kootenay and Cariboo British Columbia

AND ALL PACIFIC COAST PORTS  
Lowest Rates Best Accommodation  
Quickest Time Most Scenic Route  
Application for berths should be made to any Canadian Pacific Ry. Agent, or  
C. E. McPHERSON, Toronto